

Issue #23

THE SANDMUTOPIAN

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GUARDIAN



- Soldiers Are Submissive ●There Are No Pushy Bottoms
- The Policeman is *Not* Your Friend
- MaleDoms Are Oppressed ●Plastic Handcuffs Are Better

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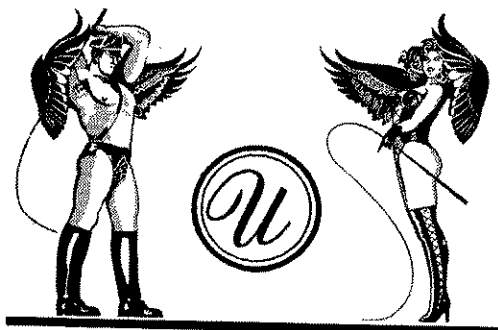
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"... but we don't take American Express!"



Our Guardian Angels

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PUBLISHERS

Mitch Kessler
Gerrie Blum

EDITOR EMERITUS

Anthony F. DeBlase

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Mitch Kessler

ADVERTISING & MARKETING MANAGER

Gerrie Blum

CONTRIBUTORS

Tim Brough, Sgt. Roc Calahan,
J.D. Caterwaul, Robert Dante,
Kate Flanagan, Frites, Justin Hunt,
Tom Mayes, Sir Michael, Richard,
Carolyn & Steve Vashtek

ANGELS

Rex

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ABOUT THE COVER:

PC: "Politically Correct" — Unjust, untrue, or nonsensical, but nonetheless ideologically required. Also, "Political Correct-'m-tude"— The habit of instructing others in Political Correctness. *The Guardian* prefers fairness and reality — a lot! We do not buy into the notion that wanting to be spoken to, and about, in a respectful way can be dismissed by mis-naming the desire as "PC".



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Letters to the Editor

Our Readers' Forum

Send comments, queries or criticisms to: Editor, c/o The Utopian Network, PO Box 1146, New York, NY 10156 or FAX to (516) 842-7518.
e-mail to siradam@ix.netcom.com. Name and address please, which will be held confidential.

I just happened across your magazine, Issue #21. Boy, am I glad I did! My husband has enjoyed SM since a young boy. He introduced me to it about three years ago. We have bought many other mags. None were ever positive to the woman dominant. This issue has not only been a godsend for me, but it also has already opened up new avenues for both of us....Thank you for offering helpful information to us. We are glad there is someone out there!!

John & Tina
So. Florida

We recently received our copy of Issue #22 and as always have read it from cover to cover. We are charter subscribers to *The Guardian* and have every issue, and even stuck with it the several times it was not being produced... and were aware of its beginnings. Thank God you folks bought the magazine and are once more publishing it! It is a one-of-a-kind publication with its wealth of factual information on our favorite topic, SM, in its many forms and variations. We are long time

enthusiasts and practitioners and are very happy to see our favorite mag in such good hands. Also we cheer your editorial policies.... When I get a little extra time, I intend to send you several short "How-to" articles on a couple of SM techniques that we have perfected which may be unique and might be of interest to others. Keep up the good work!

Paul L
Bay Area CA

We enjoyed the sample issue #21 — the watersports article helped bring us to a common ground on a topic we've had interest in but not really in the repertoire. We're definitely beginners but enjoy the pieces on the relationship aspect and developing the Female Domina....

M.B.
Dallas

I've been reading issue #22, and want to say it is one of the best ever. I bet you get lots of compliments on this issue... I enjoyed your editorial. Although it was about the Houghton Case, it also was about how much

things can change. What a great quote about the kinky straights having no agenda of their own! And as recently as 1990. Wow! Who knows where things will be in another six years. Congratulations on very nice work.

Michael
WA

Enclosed is a "fan letter" for J. MacMillan for her article, "Lotions, Potions and Powders. I do hope she will present more information in future issues, perhaps in the area of application ... what she has found works well on males and what works well on females on a fairly regular basis ... At the same time, let me thank you for taking over *The Guardian*. Improvements have been noticeable from issue to issue. I pick it up regularly at my local bookstore. I let them know I'm pleased they carry it, so more people are exposed to the articles and ideas presented. In Issue #22, I also enjoyed Tim Brough's "Flexible Tautness: Rubber Fetish."

Les
Wisconsin

Message

from
The Publishers

This issue has a new and different cover, announcing our "independent" position among the various magazines available to BDSM people.

When we bought the magazine last year, we returned it to its "old look" so that former readers and subscribers would recognize its return to the shelves. Now that we have reestablished *The Guardian* in the marketplace, we believe we can begin our new era, signalled by new and unusual covers, designed to catch the eye of new readers as well.

We believe there is a need for a voice that is not beholden to any political group or organization, whether in the overculture or in our "communities." One that will "tell it like it is," regardless of which sacred cow's cream gets "whipped." We make our editorial decisions in a fair and

even handed manner. We will print Letters to the Editor and "IMHO" (an online acronym for, "In My Humble Opinion") articles, regardless of whether we agree with their point of view or not.

Our judgments are made on the basis of the quality of the writing, not the opinions of the writer. And, as journalists and editors, we will also ask that our writers be able to confirm, verify or otherwise assure us that their writing has been "fact-checked" if they are going to be "telling tales out of school." We expect no less of ourselves.

Many of the articles you've seen here since Issue #18 have been suggested by the writer. We welcome unsolicited manuscripts, and will pay for those we accept for publication. We also welcome your criticisms and suggestions for improvements to make *The Guardian* the best it can be.

CORRECTION

A subscriber who is an MD called to tell us that Epinephrine (article about Shock in #22) is a "neurotransmitter" and not an "endorphin."

Thanks Dr. Bill. Ed.

Whether you are a tourist or live in the area, plan to visit one of these clubs. One is a long-term "fixture" of the Manhattan BDSM scene — the other is the "new kid on the block" on Long Island.

The Dark Castle at Club 200

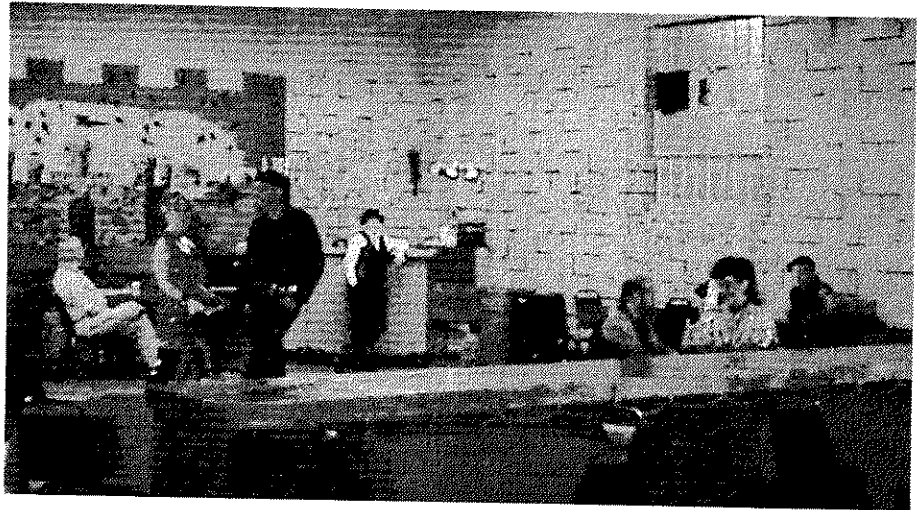
by Gillian

Lady Lori's Dark Castle at Club 200 is a new addition to the Metro New York club scene, and a welcome addition it is.

This summer, a group of new, enthusiastic BDSMers, opened a 3200 sq. ft. facility in a convenient location on Long Island. And, they have done just about everything right! The walls are *not* Black! Around a fifteen-foot square dance floor, there are tables ... with table cloths and table service by the bartender, Janet or a petite (female) French Maid. You can also fetch your own (non-alcoholic) drinks from the small service bar in the corner. The lighting is good, the music is at a scene-appropriate level and the combination air-conditioning, heating system promotes "clean air."

Another amenity, and pleasant surprise, is the sandwich buffet that is set every week. Hero sandwiches with meats and cheeses are accompanied by potato salad, etc. and Janet usually has her own supply of popcorn to nibble with your drinks.

The first thing you notice about Club 200 as you drive up is the secure parking area. The first thing you feel as you enter the club is the spaciousness — high ceilings, open areas for play and socializing and a mural on the "castle wall" with an outdoor vista. The first thing you experience is the personal greeting of your host, Lady Lori, welcoming you to her Dark Castle.

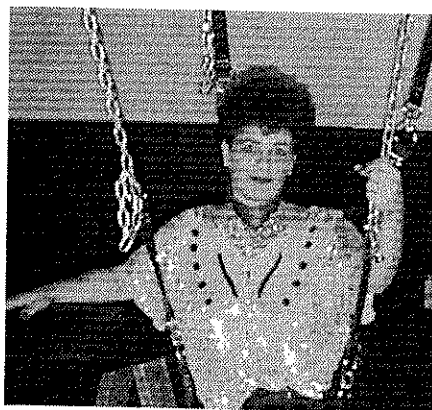


Since they opened in mid-summer, we have experienced only the air-conditioning, which is also their heating system for winter. The rest rooms are new and clean and bright! The play equipment is also newly constructed and sturdy. A pair of St. Andrew's crosses line the wall of the play area, two bondage tables and two spanking benches are at various locations on the floor, flanking

the double-sided T-shaped whipping post. And, at one end, a leather open-weave sling has been attached to the rafters on four *very long* chains. One of our friends who experienced a fisting (yes, they do permit gloved fisting, condomized non-organic phallic objects for insertion and cunnilingus) said that the sway of the sling caused by the length of the chains produced a wonderful sense of disorientation.

A suspension bar almost disappears into the rafters when not in use and the cable winch is built for heavy use — and heavyweights! And more new "furniture" is promised in the future., including a wheel!

Because the club is located at street level, it presents no barrier to people in wheel-chairs or on crutches. The wide side door leads from the club directly to the parking lot.



Lady Lori



Although their house rules are more permissive than in New York City, local laws do exclude fellatio, watersports, "scat scenes" and anal or vaginal sex.

Lady Lori has surrounded herself with men and women as friendly and enthusiastic as she is. The first people you encounter are Chubbs at the door, Ed at the ticket window and Tom and his lady Janet at the inside door. You can have your hand stamped for re-entry if you like. Inside, you might find James and Teresa on the St. Andrew's or Gerard and Kitten on one of the spanking benches, or Lady Lori herself "abusing" her fiance, Sam. Their play seems to inspire others and during the evenings that we were there, there were several scenes going on at the same time. Spectators were interested but kept a respectful distance, so you can really "swing a cat."

Gerard, who has fifteen years seniority in the scene, has acted as mentor to the others who are relative newcomers. When asked why he got involved, he said, "I wanted to help recreate the Long Island scene. Ten years ago, there was an active, lush underground 'warehouse party' circuit, with travelling lights, music and equipment. But that ended with the end of the '80's because 'the money stopped.'" The employment

picture changed radically on Long Island, and and there just wasn't the same interest. Now, with the BDSM scene expanding, he believes that there is a need for a club on the Island, given that many local residents don't relish the long trip into Manhattan, and worse yet, the long ride home late at night.

Lori and her fiance, Sam, came into the scene about two years ago from the swinger scene. "We went to a birthday party, saw our first scene, and we were 'hooked.'" She went on to establish a computer BBS, Lady Lori's Toy Store, and the club just seemed to be a natural next step. For Sam the club is like fulfilling a dream to become a restaurateur. Perhaps the next time we see him he will be dressed like Bogart in "Casablanca." He too saw a need to "fill a void" in the area for those who find the trip to Manhattan long and expensive. Also actively involved in the BBS, he and Lori now consider this their "day jobs."

Even the selection of implements for sale are made by one of this special group. Kitten was introduced to the scene by Gerard over a period of four years, and now is one of the semi-official "housemistresses." She became intrigued by paddle and flogger construction after trying her hand at leather and PVC fashion. Lori encouraged her to make some unusual items for the

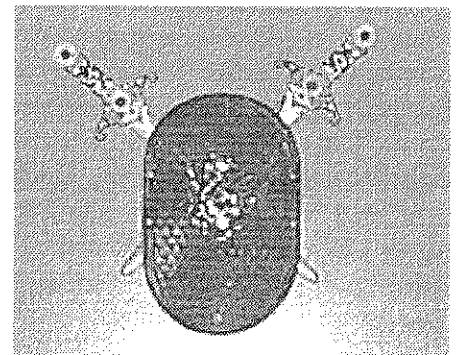
...(we) wanted to help recreate the Long Island scene.

club which are displayed on the wall.

Club 200 is really treated by management as a "club," and volunteers are encouraged to become involved.

Lady Lori's Dark Castle at Club 200 is located at 200 Rt. 110 in Farmingdale, NY, easily accessible to the Southern Parkway and a reasonable distance from Manhattan. Call them at (516) 756-6050. They are open Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights from 10pm. Currently, the door charge is \$10.00 per person, alone or coupled, regardless of gender.

If you are coming to the New York area on business or vacation, there are a variety of hotels and motels convenient to the club and Long Island has many attractions to supplement the time spent at the club: live theater, museums, and of course the beaches and Fire Island. The Island is also home to the world-famous Belmont Race Track, and the Nassau Coliseum houses professional hockey and basketball. Shopping on Long Island is nationally famous, from the "Miracle Mile" in Manhasset to the many large malls, outlet centers and specialty shops in both Nassau and Suffolk counties. There is even a native American reservation, The Shinnecock, and pow-wows are held once or twice a year. The Bethpage Restoration recreates our colonial past, and petting zoos will delight children of all ages!



The Original Hellfire Club

by Mitch Kessler

Literally buried under the cobblestones of one of New York's oldest street, The Original Hellfire Club (of New York*) has abandoned the, "take their money and let them in," philosophy of S/M Club management in favor of actually catering to their patrons. Those accustomed to makeshift play spaces and occasional toleration at Semi-Demi-VisiGoth Rock Clubs will be astounded at the difference.

Legend has it that these underground crypts once served as a way station of the "Underground Railroad" that carried slaves to freedom in the pre-civil war era. Legends aside, the newly refurbished and expanded Hellfire Club has preserved much of the cool, damp, subterranean flavor in its play spaces, while creating a paradoxically *un-sinister*, social space around a well-tended four-sided juice bar.

Having descended steep century-old stone steps, visitors pass the courteous, but clearly capable "door security" who will NOT flourish metal-detectors over their bodies or poke through gear bags in search of who-knows-what. The dim, but adequately lighted corridor leading to the main room, contains a functional St. Andrew's Cross and medical exam chair, as well as the coat check "dungeon."

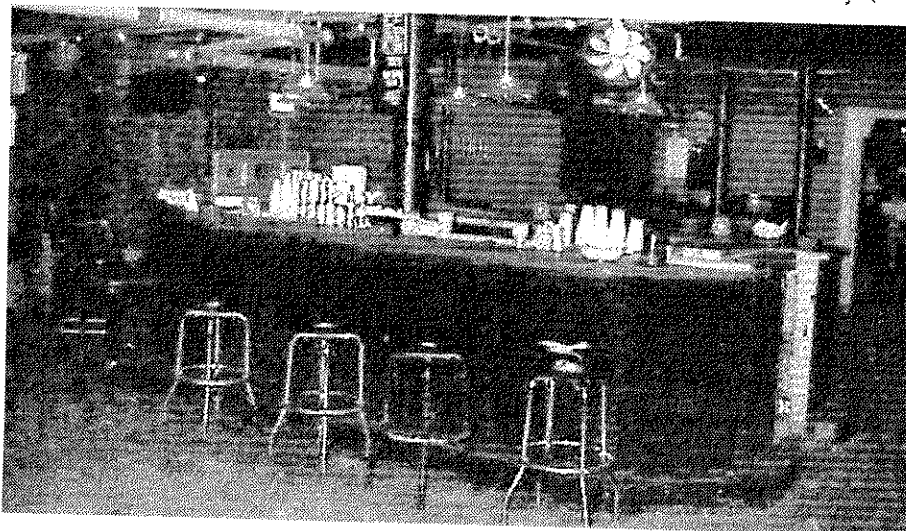
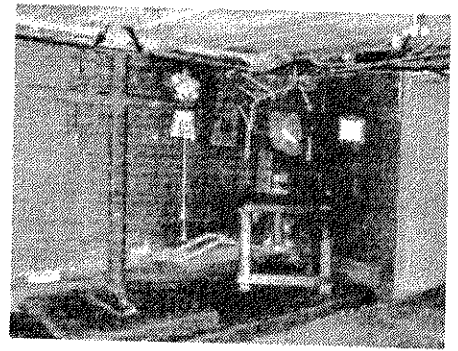
**... the unwavering cleanliness and good repair ...
(are) indicative of the general condition
and attitude of the club.**

A few more steps and guests enter a warmly lit and surprisingly ... well ... welcoming, main room containing place space, social seating, and the bar which serves soft drinks and coffee. There's no need to be shy. A call of "Angel" will produce prompt and professional attention from a comely (and

snake-skin accents which have been his trade-mark. From time to time other vendors are invited to offer their wares at the club, too.

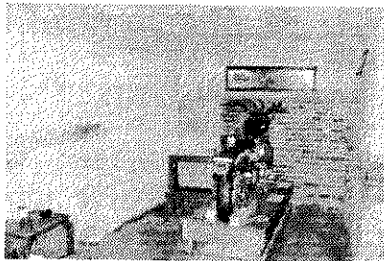
Veterans and Newbies, Pro-Doms and Wannabees, organization "apparatchiks," tourists, voyeurs, etc. mingle in mutual civility. Regular players usually outnumber "the clueless." What the action will be on any particular night will depend on who has shown up in what mood. In other words "It's a crapshoot" ... but the odds are good.

It may seem odd to review a club's bathrooms, but those who have experienced a lower level of "daintiness" in the women's facilities or the periodic absence of a door on the "Gent's" ... the unwavering cleanliness and good repair of Hellfire's facilities are not only praiseworthy of themselves, but indicative of the general condition and attitude of the club.



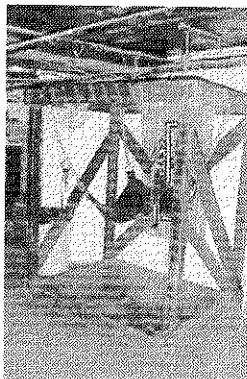
Hellfire, continued from p. 7

Play equipment is plentiful and varied. The main room contains several spanking benches, a "tau" cross, several gratings, a Roman Chair and a Fisting Sling. One of the side dungeons boasts an inverted suspension hoist, a bondage



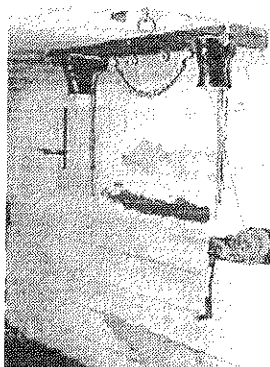
basket, steel manacles and a Motorcycle!

In the past year, Hellfire has broken through their back wall into another set of vaults, nearly doubling their floor space. This annex contains a second bar, an open area sometimes used for scencing, sometimes for socializing. To one side, a barred cell is large enough to give an imaginative scene plenty of freedom of movement without concern about inadvertent physical contact with strangers. Further to the rear is found a rabbit warren of doorless booths. These are just a little too small for an active scene, though a slender couple might manage something "over the knee." Depending on the crowd and the hour this area might be used as another conversation area — or provide semi-private space for Safer Sex-type "making out" or single-player scenes.



from the obvious standards of common courtesy and consensuality, the only hard and fast rules are the "Safe Sex Regulations" of the New York City

An unobtrusive floor staff does not so much "enforce" as "observe" that a certain minimal standard of decorum prevails in social and play spaces alike. Aside



Department of Consumer Affairs. So while penetrative intercourse with a live penis is "verboden" as is fellatio (as defined by the Criminal Code), just about any other kind of activity is at least possible. Still, it's probably a good idea to check unusually "horse-scaring" or "mess-making" (Hot Wax Scenes for example) activities with Management.

Ask for Marie, the clubs very-approachable Grande Dame, or Lennie, a cross between Santa Claus and a Hell's Angel who has been presiding over festivities at this location since the days when the "Three Dollar admission included all the soda and beer you could drink."

Attended parking and a large, appealing 24 hour Bagel/convenience store is available less than a block away in a brightly lighted 24-hour neighborhood where rather upscale eateries rub elbows with provisions suppliers.

The Original Hellfire Club was one of the first S/M clubs open to the public in the New York Area. With a management committed to ongoing improvement, it remains one of the best.

Schedule:

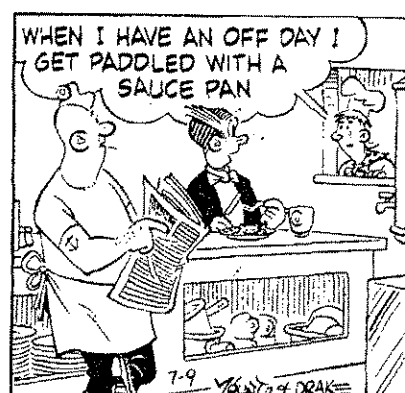
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Fri-Sat. 10pm to 5am,
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\$30 after Midnight
Women & Dressed TV's Free

\$5.00 discount to members of scene organizations with membership cards.

BLONDIE

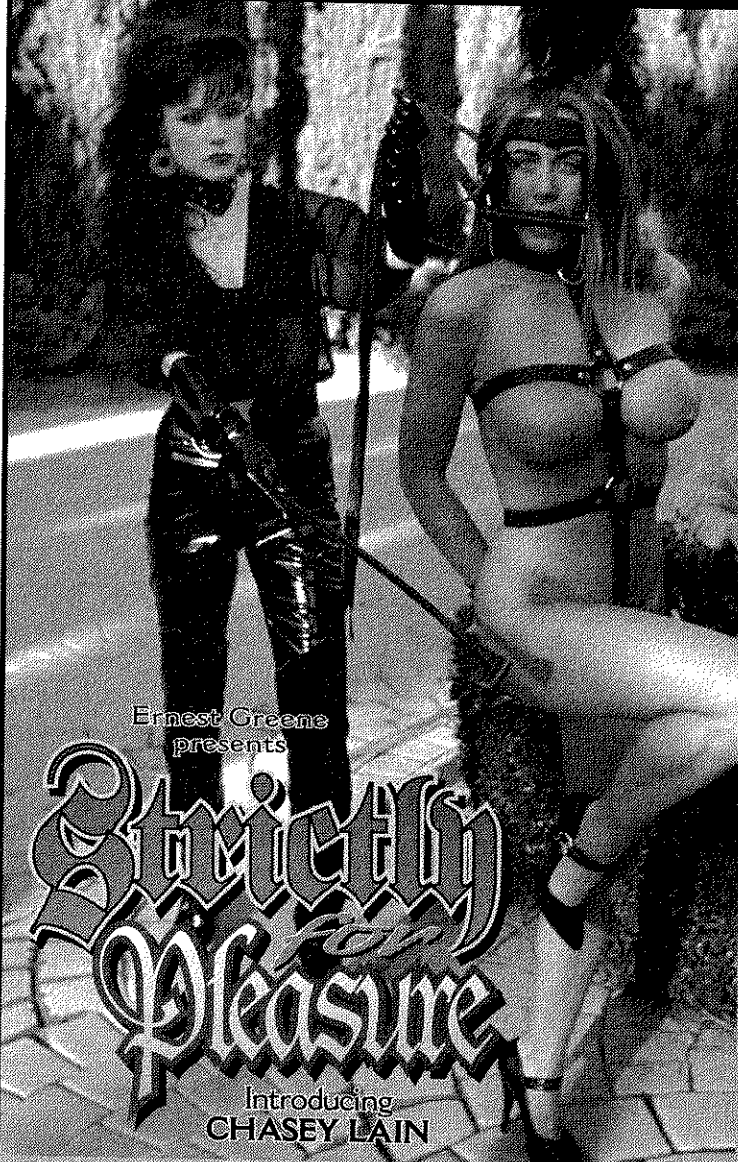


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The Soldier as a Submissive

by Sgt. Roc Calahan

Sgt. Roc Calahan here, I see that you've returned for some more training. Well, I hope the last article proved useful and that it was applied properly. Unfortunately I will not be berating you this time. Instead I will be delving deep into the realm of that which you all fear — your psyche. Sound interesting? Well, of course there is a twist. Being that I am a hardened soldier of fortune, we will be looking at the differences of submissive/dominant roles in the military.

Since today's military consists of only volunteers we can safely say that our happy fetish actually has 1 million more participants!! Why? I'll tell you. Subconsciously every member of our military is looking for some control and structure in their lives. They need someone to tell them what to do, how to do it, when to do it, etc. They *need* to be submissive. They *need* to be controlled. But most importantly they *NEED* control. For simplicity's sake we're going to follow one of my old recruits, Private Gilbert.

It was a number of years ago and I looked out over the fresh new recruits. There standing, rather slouching, in

their midst was young Private Bryan Gilbert. The little maggot was just begging for some discipline! And I was just the DI to give it to him. Let the good times roll! For all of you who have had the experience of serving in the great armed forces you know what I mean: Let the good times roll!

**They are not just
submissive to *me*
but to
every other
bastard
that wears stripes ...**

Anyway, poor Gilbert came from a house that had little control and guidelines in it. Discipline was something foreign to him, so the only logical thing for him to do was to join the Army. Why? Unbeknownst to most of us, our body and mind search for structure and order. Without these fences to contain ourselves we would become wild. While it is o.k. to some there are limits that we sane people tend to follow.

As I was saying, your id is in control whether you want to contain it or not. But the true submissives join the service. I myself joined for the same reason. Only after first learning to submit could I learn to conquer. If there is a Dominant out there who has never been submissive you are NOT "All that you can be," until you have been broken and rebuilt — and 'ole Sarge here can do it!.

Upon seeing Pvt. Gilbert I made him my personal mission. He was the Holy Grail. He was the wild Mustang and I was going to break him — one way or another. I walked toward him and as I did the little raw recruits moved as if I was Moses and they were the fucking Red Sea. Good! Respect, whether genuine or through fear, is a good start. After that submission is easy.

I towered over Pvt. Gilbert. "Gilbert," I barked, "Gi' me twenty." Without hesitating, the young slave dropped to the ground and attempted to do twenty push-ups. He couldn't, but he tried. He didn't give up. Why? Did he really want to do them? No. He feared me. He feared the unknown — what would happen if he didn't accomplish the task?

I let him recover after struggling with himself and his weak body and soul. That is why after every set of push-ups I would demand my recruits to say, "Drill Sergeant, thank you for conditioning my mind and body, Drill Sergeant." This let them know that I was in charge and it also reaffirmed their vows that they took when they first joined. (I—name—do solemnly swear to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States. etc.) They are not just submissive to me but to every other bastard that wears stripes and is in the service.

Gilbert was soon able to accomplish the twenty push-ups but that was

when I set the limit higher. A Dominant should never be pleased by his bottom's work or accomplishments. A submissive/slave will never appreciate or comprehend satisfaction. This is how control is obtained and maintained. It is burned in, etched into the mind and body and soul. Remember though that your slave should never know that he is being conditioned, just as I did not let Gilbert know my objective. Don't give them time to think. They are not here to think. That is your job." Gilbert, should we attack now, or wait until after lunch?" "Well Sarge," he replies, "I think..." NO! NO! NO! His job is not to *think*! If it was I wouldn't be needed. My fucking job is to think — not his. That is why we train all the little worms to act as robots, not to think, just do. When the going gets rough, maybe that's all that'll keep them moving, and keep them alive.

I am in charge of my recruits, just as you are of your slave. They are not to think. They are not to be given that liberty. If you let them even taste it they might have an edge on you. Then you can pack it up, because you're screwed — and so are they. They won't die, but they will fail themselves, and you.

Once the recruits have mastered submission you can move forward. If they have the drive, as I did, they move on to become sergeants or even officers — just as, after a while, the best Bottoms come out as Tops.

Until next time, don't give in or feel sorry for your slave. You are in charge! Don't let them forget. And *SHINE* your leather, maggots!!

(In "real life," the Sergeant is Justin Hunt, a talented artist as well as being an entertaining "raconteur." Although he has chosen this form for telling his story, be assured that the information is authentic. Samples of his art work are in our centerfold this issue.)

Initiations

Memoirs of a Domina in the Realm of Submission

by J.T. Caterwaul

My life in BDSM began at age 19 with a man of 29 who was to become my husband. For him my role was set in concrete; women were the dominant species, it was inherent and should not be questioned. I had a lot of questions and this — along with several other personal issues — proved to be an insurmountable wedge between us. He had his perfect Goddess — I had a lot of questions.

We split up after 3½ years together. I was left with an extensive wardrobe, a divided share of our equipment, and no answers. I believe that my first hint at resolution came from a used book store, a well-worn paperback copy of *The Story of O*. The root of my concerns lay within its yellowed pages. I eventually added *9½ weeks*, *The Pearl*, *Venus in Furs* and *Justine* to my library. I was beginning to see a method to the madness.

Life moved on. I married a Vanilla man — a sorry mistake.

After the divorce I built a career as a professional dominatrix. As my financial life prospered, my personal life suffered. Clients were not friends, confidants or lovers. They were beginning to crowd in on me with their demands. I felt I was suffocating, drowning in other people's fantasies.

Fortunately for my sanity, I met Albert, or Bertie, as I was later to call him. His interest in me proved to be genuine and non-judgmental. I liked

him a lot although I had never seen where he lived, nor a picture of his wife; I don't believe his wife even knew I existed, and I never pried. We were peripheral friends. Our personal space, though endlessly discussed, dissected and analyzed, remained distinctly separate. It was like we were dissidents, coming together from diverse worlds to conspire against reality.

It was Bertie who pointed out the obvious, why I was so dissatisfied. He smiled at me across the table, but his eyes were deadly serious.

"The problem is, you have no understanding of the submissive. Oh, you know what to do and how to do it

**Our
personal space ...
remained distinctly
separate.**

to get the desired result, but not what they think, feel, desire. And that's why you are so miserable. You are jealous. You have never been given the opportunity to

explore your own wants and needs — denying them, in fact — and you are jealous. You are no longer a little girl being led around by the nose by an older man; don't you think it's time you stopped bitching and start doing something?"

I was incredibly angry — until I finally realized he was right. Something in his words, or the way he said them; or the truth. Knowledge and skill did not necessarily equal understanding. Regardless, I couldn't get his challenge out of my mind. How we came to the point of turning talk into action, I don't know. It wasn't sex, I didn't want to sleep with him. It never occurred to me. He was married. I wanted the

continued

Memoirs, continued

experience, the release of responsibility. I spent many days examining the issue from all possible angles, deciding, deciding, deciding. Yes, I trusted him. But I would have to train him. And what did I want? After all, it was my turn to write the script. I reread *The Story of O*.

On the appointed night I was nervous, then scared. It was to be at his house, to which I had never been. Bertie had taken his chosen role seriously. He answered the door clad in an old fashioned smoking jacket over pegged gray trousers and a wide ascot secured with a stick pin about his throat. I had wanted a "Sir Stephen" and he had provided one. He led me into what must have been his study; a desk, book shelves, leather armchairs; the only light cast from a floor lamp and a fire in the hearth. It was perfect! He directed me to the middle of the room then sat down, a black leather riding crop (borrowed from me) in his lap. I was to undress. Only to my underwear, though, I had to shed some of my identity. Under my clothing I wore a pair of boxers and a man's undershirt. My little joke was greeted with a frown. Then a reprimand.

"Eyes down."

Then a command.

"Get down. On your hands and knees. Crawl."

I did as I was told. I crawled around and around the room, eyes to the floor. At first I felt silly, then strangely conspicuous. I sneaked a look at my Master. He was reading a book, totally disregarding my progress. I hate being ignored. I stopped.

"I told you to crawl."

I sat up on my heels and shook my head. This was not what I had expected.

"No? Your insolence will cost you. You *will* continue, as I said, only without that shirt and those ridiculous shorts."

I am very self-conscious about my body. To totally bare myself before someone not my lover was unthinkable. He repeated his command, and I actually removed the undershirt. I sat in the middle of the room, wearing only my bra and boxer shorts, considering; my hand shook a little when I reached for the bra hook. I couldn't do it. I got to my feet and headed for the exit. What came next happened so quickly I had little time to think or react. His arm was about my waist, half carrying me back into the room and over to the chair where I was lain face down over the arm. His voice was low and controlled.

I could have called an immediate halt ... with the use of the ... Safe word. I chose not to.

"You have been defying me all evening. And laughing — yes, laughing at me since you walked through the door. My door. My house, my rules. Your attitude needs adjusting."

He smacked me with the riding crop to make his point — it was the very first time I had ever been hit. Then he removed the rest of my clothing. I was paralyzed, my concentration focused on my burning thigh. He sat me upright in the chair, naked, then tied my wrists to my thighs and my ankles to the chair legs with neckties. He removed his ascot to use as a blindfold. I could feel his knee brush mine. He was doing the unthinkable, staring at me; all of me. He was in control. It was frightening and exciting. With that one quick snap of leather the world turned upside down, and then the bottom dropped out leaving me breathless dizzy, and, yes, aroused.

My emotions were at such a fevered pitch I was afraid that when Bertie finally released me, I would take one look at his face and fall in love. (Or lust) I now understood why slaves often form such strong bonds to their Master. Emotions run high and they are so vulnerable, so fragile; it is so exhilarating and devastating at once, just like love.

Unfortunately, our friendship was never the same afterwards and we drifted apart; by mutual consent. I regret his loss, but am eternally grateful for his contribution to my experience.

On the surface my introduction to the world of the submissive may seem harsh and unnecessarily cruel, but, underneath it all, I was in control. I could have called an immediate halt at any time during the proceedings with use of the agreed upon "safe word." I chose not to. Even when I started to walk out I had not yet reached my limit. Submissives usually, at some point, do test the Dominant's resolve. Bertie reacted appropriately. He calmly regained control with pain (surprise), then punished me with shame (embarrassment).

What is not immediately apparent is the amount of preparation beforehand. Talk, talk, talk, and more talk. I had to explore my deepest, most obscure fears and desires, then be able to define my boundaries in a clear, concise manner. While there was no definite script, only a general outline, I had to be sure, without a doubt in my mind, that Bertie understood his role and could carry it out in a professional and responsible manner. Which he did, to my satisfaction.

Later, I found a Lover who initiated me into the best of both; SM and sexual intimacy.

Given all of this, I think I am reasonably well qualified to advise others on getting started in BDSM.

continued

The relationship between professional Dominatrix and client is totally different and less complex than between lovers.

I would hope that anyone contemplating this type of sex play would think it through very carefully beforehand and approach it with as much common sense as any potentially dangerous activity. Sound harsh? But it is a fact; though extremely rare, there is a potential for physical and/or emotional harm. I do not discourage, rather, I encourage sexual exploration, but with fully open eyes.

Every step I have taken, from mild to extreme, has been well thought out, never a whim or spur of the moment decision. I can safely say I have never, ever had a bad experience within the SM realm — disappointing, yes, but that is something entirely different.

Trust

Trust is so primary in any type of BDSM play. Think carefully: If you can't trust your partner with the small matters, like driving your car or even renting a video you would like, then you have no business allowing him or her to tie you down. If the relationship is not going well this is the wrong type of sex play to bring you closer. Could you trust yourself or another to maintain control when you have a lot of unresolved issues while brandishing that whip? And no one should ever consider playing alone with a total stranger.

I think I need to elaborate upon this particular issue as it has been repeatedly pointed out to me that during my working days my clients were essentially strangers. The relationship between professional Dominatrix and client is totally different and less complex than between lovers. Picking up warning signs, analyzing body language, voice cues and how he talks about friends, family and coworkers is

easier when you are not hoping for an intimate personal relationship.

I also took practical precautions. When I went to a client's home a male escort would drive me and wait outside in the car: if the client came to me, someone would be discreetly stationed close by.

Communication

While I was working professionally, the majority of my clients, while so exacting, down to the tiniest detail, in expressing their wants and needs to me, found great difficulty in sharing the simplest of requests. Again — talk, talk, and more talk. Never hesitate to express doubts, fears, concerns, expectations; some want the theater but not the pain, some want to experience it

all. Shyness has no place in the dungeon. Discuss and respect limits and boundaries.

As the submissive, be truthful, underestimate rather than overestimate your emotional and pain threshold. It's easier to turn *up* the volume than down, especially on the first outing. Never attempt something you are not entirely comfortable with; and no one should coerce, cajole, or exert any pressure on an unwilling partner. Neither should the coy, "let them talk me into it so I don't carry any responsibility," head game be employed. Yes should mean yes, no should mean NO. The Dominant may be able to read your body, but they cannot read your mind.

Being the Dominant requires a lot of responsibility. Remember, the submissive is going through a sometimes overwhelming storm of emotions and might not be able to adequately articulate when a line has been crossed. This

continued on p 40

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THE PUSHY BOTTOM

... AND OTHER MYTHS

DEBUNKED BY TIM BROUGH

I bought myself a new pair of sneakers before I submitted this article, so any attempt at chasing me down had better be well thought out! — *Tim*.

Why is it every Frigging Master/Top on Planet Earth thinks they know it all ... or at least enough to write Books. What's more, all these guidebooks for being the perfect Slave/Boy/Bottom, and few exceptions, all are written by men claiming to be Tops. Wait a second. Let's amend that. The proper phrasing should be "frustrated Tops," because most of these crazed typing dominants never get it right. I'm not just saying this so I can pick up a few extra welts this weekend, either. That's also part of the myth. Slaves don't "need" to be enslaved, Babycat! If that were the case, boatloads of men would be racing up the ramps for spots by the oar chain. So get over that one, too. Any Master who suddenly decides to exercise his hands on a keyboard instead of their anatomy, is probably writing his Master/ Slave credo from a day's worth of sexual boredom rather than anything he did to a boy that day! So Masters from coast to coast attempt defining what true universal Slavery is all about! Slaves wind up getting manifestoes of what that particular Master wished he could get into his clutches that day, month or however long he bemoaned the lack of "committed" bottoms for him to take to the dungeon.

You know it too, Big Guy Studly Master Dude. So let this slave lob some cream pies at some of the more prevalent myths.

Myth #1

Legendary Pushy bottom.

If you, too Sir, consider your bottom to be pushy, let's look at it from a different angle. There is no such thing as a "pushy bottom" — only a Top with Time Management Problems. Think about it: Leatherboy is expected to do every menial task in the condo that Master couldn't be bothered with. Master expects slave to finish these tasks inside a day. At the same time, the stack of newspapers next to Master's workspace has been piling up since about 1959, the milk containers are still the glass variety and the earliest phone book has less than 200 pages! This is a syndrome that should be called by its real name ... "Master Overload." The slave's assignments of the day are to do domestic chores, water the garden, clean the

car, get the meals, shine the leathers and check the mail, still say, "Yes Sir," and genuflect at Master's boots at least 15 times before sundown. In other words, the project calls for something on the order of a five-man contracting team — a workload that exhausted Master before he got as far as putting a quarter in the newspaper vending machine.

Now while slave is busy getting the grocery list organized, Master decides that slave should draw Master's bath and fetch his prize squeaky tugboat toy. He calls slave a Pushy Bottom if slave tells Master, "Sir was expected at such and such an appointment 15 minutes ago and a bath really isn't advisable at this time." Is slave Pushy? Nawwww. Said Master just couldn't get off the sofa to wet-nappie himself if slave wasn't there to tear the pull string.

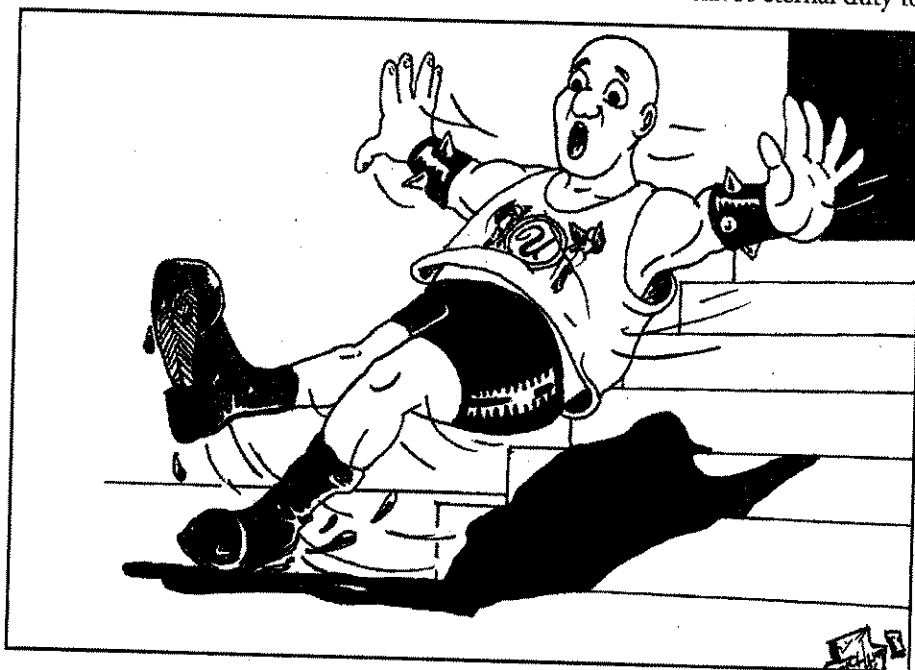
Which leads to:

Myth #2:

All slaves Stand In

The Shadow Of The Master.

A true Master doesn't cast a shadow. A true Master becomes the center of the slave's solar system and therefore emanates nothing but light. It henceforth becomes the slave's eternal duty to



SLAVE MUSTN'T POLISH THE BOTTOM OF MASTER'S BOOTS!

make sure no shadows eclipse the face of his Master. That a slave is somehow enshadowed comes from the same mentality as the notion demanding all slaves give up self and ego. This silly precept is one made up only recently: frankly, real slaves have names. Any wannabee Master believing previous slave owners of past centuries had the inclination to listen to slaves into littering their speech with, "SIR! this slave this," or, "SIR this boy that," is dumber than a gunnysack-load of collars. The great Master men of history had no time for such brainwashing nonsense: boy Norman was out doing the necessary.

Master may choose to give his slave a new name or just simply refer to him as "slaveboy," but the first person who put that, "the prospective slave strip himself of any self-worth or identity on day one," in a Master/slave manual, should step downstage for a proverbial fruit salad shower. Because if a Master thinks slave is standing in Sir's shadow, Sir'd better look around and make sure of the light source.

Myth Debunked #3: Real Masters Own Pets.

What's the easiest way to stop a hot scene stone cold dead? It ain't the safe word! No. Just let the Puddy Kat get into the dungeon.

You may think you're the meanest, butchest, hard-assed Whipmaster this side of Hell. But if the last thing your bottom sees through the slits in his hood before Master and Pussykins head for the kitchen is "Master" picking up said snack-insistent feline, forget it. Believe me, on the way out Fluffy is giving your dangling slave-meat a look that translates to, "Master's house, my rules. Get used to it, insignificant biped." Only the slave and animal know who really wears the chaps in that household. (Other dead giveaway ... Master's prize whip has a pink carpet shred on the tip and is used as Fluffy's favorite chase toy.)

Myth Debunked #4: "I'm Top Only."

Talk about your fourth great lie. Any man who says this will later on be likely be caught saying something like, "and I can hold my own legs up, boy."

Myth #5: Perfect slave body = Perfect-self discipline.

"You could stand to lose a few pounds." Any attempted master to utter those words in *my* presence is usually met with, "And you, good Sir, could use some plastic surgery and a fresh bottle of Grecian formula."

Why is it that every Top who demands that slave enter a gym workout program and spend at least six hours each week getting another eighth of an inch on that forearm (between folding the linens and dropping off that 25 years' worth of National Geographics at the recycling center, one supposes) looks like the "before" photo of a Jenny Craig ad? Naturally, if slave balks, he is reprimanded for lacking "self-Discipline." Being Master's 24/7 boy, carrying a full college course load and a part time job while being at Master's sexual beck and call has nothing to do with "self discipline." Only getting one more

pair of abs to pop out of that washboard stomach counts.

Myth Debunked #6: Tops write these articles.

Frankly, most Masters think "command P" should be followed by directions to the 'loo ... which is probably where most of them are reading this article, before calling on slaveboy to come daddyfloss Sir's heiny — (of course Master will do this while boy is in the kitchen stuffing the manicotti).

And finally:

Myth Debunked #7: Real Masters Don't Need slaves, slaves Need Masters.

This is only a partial myth. Many Masters really DON'T need slaves. They need Mommies!

(Tim Brough is the cute and cuddly Editor of Rubber Rebel Magazine and sometime stand-up comic. The preceding was excerpted from one of his routines and presented here in a spirit of Inter-Cultural Understanding. In traditional Het usage, a Pushy Bottom was one "with an agenda ..." ie.: one who communicates his or her own sexual needs demanding attention and effort from the Top. In Gay male usage, Pushy Bottom appears to have a meaning closer to the Heterosexual usage: "Nagging Wife.")



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Is your \$lave your Dependent?

and other Financial Aspects of a Dominant/Submissive Relationship

by Steve and Carolyn Vakesh

If you think that whips, dewy-faced slaves, obedience, and discipline are all that's involved in long term BDSM, think again. Even the most carefully crafted contract will eventually fall to pieces if you haven't taken charge of the pragmatic matters. Of those, money can be the most contentious and the most likely to derail your relationship.

Eventually, all human relationships come down to money. Who pays the bills, who handles the budget, and who decides on major purchases are all decisions that every couple must deal with, vanilla or BDSM. For those living in 24/7 relationships, more is involved.

If Top and bottom are married, much is already taken care of. Transfer of property and inheritance for a surviving spouse is a simple process, most company health plans also cover one's spouse, and so on.

Many BDSM couples, however, either choose not to have a legally sanctioned marriage, or are prohibited from doing so by law. This article will emphasize the concerns of these couples. While most BDSM fantasy has super-wealthy Tops keeping live-in slaves with no outside jobs, this is hardly the norm, and even the super-wealthy have an obligation to meet the financial needs of their slaves — it's simply easier on their budgets. Regardless of who provides what share of a couple's wealth, the Top in a 24/7 relationship generally sets basic financial

goals for the couple. This article is written with that assumption in mind.

When Master and Slave Work

If the slave works outside the home, 24/7 couples must decide whether the money will be commingled into the Master's account, whether two accounts will be maintained, granting the Master access to both or whether the Master has any claim whatsoever on the slave's money. Because money mediates almost every social exchange in our lives, money decisions carry more power and weight than any other type.

Keep all money discussions at the level of business partners.

In addition to discussing how to handle money decisions, Masters must make arrangements to safeguard the financial welfare of their slaves. Letting them keep their money and handle their own health insurance is the easiest way, of course, but many couples may feel that this puts too much power in the hands of the slave. Conversely, many slaves are seeking escape from these kinds of financial responsibilities and want the Top to handle everything.

In our relationship, money is commingled into the Master's account with him enjoying total control. Before entering into our contracted periods of

24/7, we always discuss the finances and work out a financial plan that the Master is charged with implementing. We feel that this gives us the best of both worlds — protection of the slave's financial interests and control to the Master. However, we've been together for 17 years. Those who have had less time to assure themselves of their partner's trustworthiness with money should seek other solutions to the problem. Remember, more than any other issue, this one can explode in your face. Take care to reduce its explosive power and always err on the side of protecting the financial interests of both parties.

There is nothing wrong with the slave handling the budget, making the investment decisions, and so forth. These tasks should be assigned to the one who is better able to do them, not blindly decided based on stereotypes about roles. And remember, a slave who is a good household manager or a good accountant is doing an additional service for Master.

No matter how tempting it may be, avoid the temptation to make money an issue in your BDSM relationship. We believe that it works best to think of two complementary but separate roles for your relationship with money and BDSM: In one relationship, you are Master and slave with all that entails. In the other, you are business partners working toward the profitability of the partnership. Keep all money discussions at the level of business partners. Money discussions should be handled with both partners at their best and able to

speak freely of their goals and plans. In our opinion, *under no circumstances should withholding money or restricting access to money ever be used as a disciplinary tool.*

Aside from maintaining the dynamic of a Master/slave relationship, 24/7 couples must also take into consideration their financial goals, the need to support aging relatives or rear children, health care, and finally, retirement and death.

Health Care

A growing number of companies, such as Apple Computer, provide medical coverage and other benefits for same-sex couples just as they do for married couples. We're not aware of any companies who provide such benefits for POSSLO's (persons of opposite sex sharing living quarters). Apparently, if you're heterosexual you are supposed to get married. While legal challenges or corporate paternalism may change this, the growing expenses of medical coverage for companies is raising their costs and has led to reductions in benefits or outright cancellations of medical plans. This means that many people will have to find other recourse to provide for a non-working lover. This means private health insurance.

Private health insurance can be hideously expensive. There are ways to cut the cost, though. Many associations, ethnic groups, and trade guilds offer discounted health insurance to their members (though we haven't yet heard of the BDSM Health and Disability Insurance plan) and it may be worth the membership fees to join such a group.

Health care issues faced by non-married BDSM couples don't begin and end with health insurance, though. In case of accidents, illness, or other problems Masters or slaves can find their wishes completely disregarded. A resident lover who is not a spouse has no legal rights under our current system. If there is no

spouse, hospitals must seek other family members for permission and guidance in providing medical care. This can delay providing important care and frequently involves people in the most intimate details of your life and death that you may not have spoken to since coming out gay or BDSM — or both.

You need to make sure that you and your partner have documents giving each other power of attorney and health care power of attorney in the event of incapacitation. You should also draw up a living will that will help guide caretakers in the event you become terminally ill. While there are books, and a growing number of computer programs, to guide you in this process, differences in state laws and the complexities of your relationship mean you should at least have a lawyer double-check the documents you've drawn up on your own.

Retirement

Everyone plans on retiring, but fewer and fewer of us have any expectation of receiving the level of support that Social Security currently provides for the elderly. Benefits have been delayed, so that people born after 1960 will not be eligible to receive

A resident lover who is *not* a spouse has no legal rights under our present system.

Social Security payments until the age of 67. And with the expected growth in the number of elderly, coupled with the lower than normal birthrates of younger workers to support the Social Security system, the future looks grim. While our politicians may yet manage to save the system, prudent couples will provide a retirement nest egg for themselves.

Even if Social Security is saved, though, it will not provide enough for your total retirement needs nor was it ever intended to do so. Fortunately, there are savings plans that allow you to ferret away your money tax free. These

continued



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Money, continued

include IRAs and other investment options, life insurance, trust funds and 401Ks and 403Bs.

Start with the basics. Each of you should have an IRA or regular mutual fund in your own name. If you're not married, don't count on anyone benefitting from inheriting your IRA. The surviving spouse can rollover the deceased spouse's IRA into one of his or her own, but others are out of luck. By the time an heir finishes paying normal income tax on an inherited IRA account, plus the 10% penalty for early withdrawal, plus any inheritance taxes, the total tax liability could hit 90%! This is one of the many advantages to marriage built into the tax code. The same is true of 401Ks.

Right now you can contribute up to \$2000 tax free to an IRA per year. That is, you pay no taxes on it, you simply subtract this sum when computing your total taxable income. You can only contribute money you've *earned* to an IRA. If you are married to your slave, the two of you together can contribute a maximum of \$2250 to your IRAs. We recommend that you take full advantage of this opportunity to shelter your money from taxation.

The requirement that money be earned before being deposited into an IRA can pose a problem for a non-working slave. It's tempting to think that a way to get around this is to pay your slave \$2000 a year and simply have him/her deposit it directly into an IRA. In fact, this is a money-losing proposition because you will be *unable* to deduct the money (which the IRS will classify as a "personal gift") and your slave will have to pay *both* Social Security tax and employment tax on the amount. A much better solution is to establish a regular, non-tax free mutual fund for the slave. Because the slave's income is so low, the tax bite will be equally low.

401Ks are set up through your employer. 403Bs are a similar plan for self-employed people. Whatever they're called they are among the best deals on the financial landscape today. Not only does the government allow you to shelter your income from taxes until you retire, but in many cases your employer will match your contributions to your 401K, making the actual return on your investment substantial.

Unless you have children or a non-working dependent, most financial planners do not recommend life insurance. In cases where Master or slave is dependent on the other's income, a good way to insure that they will be able to maintain their quality of life after your death is to pick a good insurance package. Choose term insurance rather than whole life as term frequently offers the better value for your money.

The IRS allows you to claim a non-related human ... as a dependent (in certain circumstances).

The IRS allows you to claim a non-related human residing with you as a dependent under certain circumstances. This slave, or dependent, must meet the following five criteria:

- The dependent must be a citizen of the United States.
- The dependent is not married.
- The dependent's income may not exceed the standard exemption (currently \$3800).
- The taxpayer (or Top in our scenario) must provide at least half the dependent's support during the year.
- The dependent must be either a relative of the taxpayer or a resident of the taxpayer's household for the entire year.

Most of these conditions are easily met in a Master/slave relationship in which the slave earns little or no income. There is however a catch: *The relationship between the taxpayer and the dependent may not violate local law.* Thus, gay couples in the South and other states that have explicitly declared homosexual relations illegal may not use this deduction. The issue of whether these sorts of relationships violate local law is a relatively untried concept in IRS tax courts and some experts believe that the existence of legislation providing benefits for domestic partners of city employees may be evidence that the relationship does not violate local law.

BDSM is, of course, even more likely to be against the law, but there is no requirement that you actually list your slave's occupation as "slave" on your tax forms! When dealing with the government, you're best off not even mentioning your personal arrangements.

Inheritance

It is a scene that is still played out far too frequently. One member of a gay couple dies. Family members that had become distant on discovering he was gay, refused to have anything to do with him when they found out that he also liked to tie his lover to the bed and beat him as a part of sex. Suddenly these family members reappear, demanding the entirety of the estate. Even if the deceased has left a will, the law gives a great deal of power to blood relations that wish to challenge it. If it is the slave who has died, the BDSM relationship could be used to challenge the will on the grounds that the slave was "coerced" into willing his property to his lover. An unpleasant legal battle for your lover is a possibility.

Taxes

There's an old joke about a person who tries to claim his dog or other pet as a dependent on his taxes and take that deduction. While you can't claim your dog, you might be able to claim your slave (even if he's required to crawl before you or eat out of a dog dish).

Money, continued

Responsible Masters take steps to provide for their slave's medical expenses and livelihood should the Top die or become disabled. Here are a few things you can do to reduce the problems your slave will face:

Make sure property is in *both* your names, what the legal types call, "joint tenants with rights of survivorship." This means full control without tax liability will pass to the surviving partner.

Make sure you have a will. Even if you are married, a will significantly speeds probate. Without one, an unmarried partner is liable to be shut out of your estate.

Common Law Marriages

One thing non-married heterosexual couples should keep in mind is that some states continue to recognize common law marriages. These include Alabama, Colorado, the District of Columbia, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Montana, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, and Utah. In these states, even if you haven't married the person you're living with, you may be able to claim many of the rights of a surviving spouse. This usually depends on having met certain conditions such as living together for seven years. Still, you should at least have a will, as it will save you time in court.

Consider setting up a trust fund. Estates in excess of \$200,000 are nailed for high inheritance taxes. Trust funds, because they are not part of your estate, largely avoid these taxes. More important for slaves and Masters, because trust funds are not part of the deceased partner's estate, it is virtually impossible to legally challenge them. If you want to set up a trust fund it is imperative that you see a lawyer who specializes in this field.

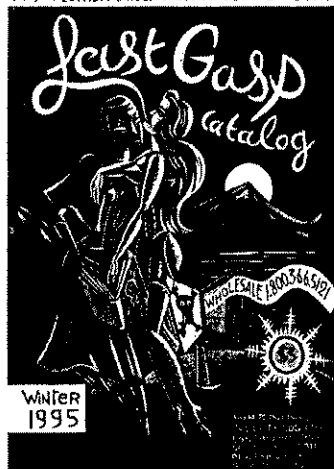
In fact, that's good advice for all of the points mentioned in this article. Talk to your lawyer, financial planner, and accountant before you do anything. And don't delay. In money, even more than BDSM, discipline is the key to future happiness.

(Carolyn's family business has been Accounting for twenty years or more. She and Steve have been married for most of that time. They have agreed to answer questions of general interest in future issues of The Guardian. Send your queries to: Finances, c/o The Utopian Network, POB 1146, NY NY 10156.)

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A Spanking Bench to Build

by Richard Smith

This article shows how to build the spanking bench shown in the photo. I made one for my friend and Mistress, Cristi. We've found it to be a very secure and versatile piece. Besides being restrained face down, the bench has hinged shelves for the head and butt that allow the victim to be restrained face up. It's also small and light enough to be placed out of sight in a closet until needed. The bench can be constructed using tools found in most wood workshops. I purchased all materials at a lumber yard/ hardware store. So, here we go!

Material Required:

Lumber: 2 x10: 5 ft., 2x8: 3 ft.,
2 x 2: 3 ft., 2x4:1 ft., 1x10: 1 ft.

Hardware:

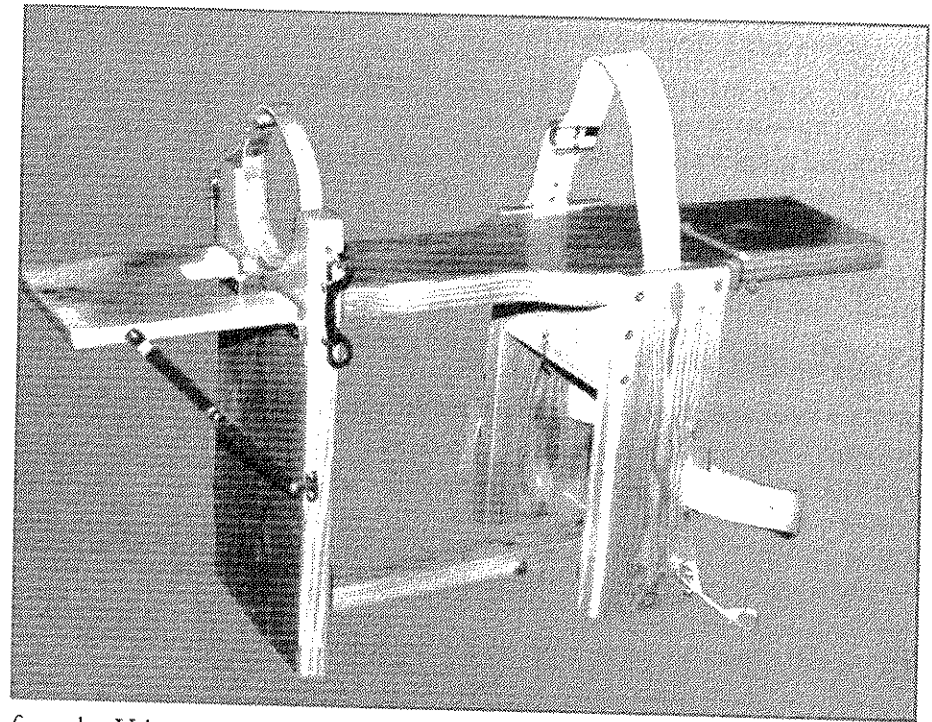
- 1 - Shelf Support bar (It's a bar with slots in it for attaching brackets)
- 1 - $\frac{1}{4}$ -20 x 2" bolt, 2 - 3" hinges
- 2 - $\frac{1}{4}$ -20 self-lock nuts, 1 Surface Bolt
- 6 - #12 x 1" wood screws
- 2 - Table leaf hinges
- 6 - #12 x $1\frac{1}{2}$ " wood screws
- 3 - 6" mending bars
- 2 - #12x2" wood screws, 2 - 1" hinges
- 7 - #12 x 3" wood screws
- 1 - Hook and Eye set
- Roofing Nails, Eye-Bolts

Tools Required:

Router & bits
SabreSaw, TableSaw, Drill, Sandpaper
Wood Rasp, Wood Clamps

I. CUTTING OUT

Cut the 2x10 to a length of 20". This will be the front leg of the bench. Mark the location of the slot in the



front leg. Using a router, rout out the slot to a depth of $\frac{3}{4}$ ". Next, mark the neck opening in the front leg and cut with a sabre saw.

The next piece is the bench. Cut a piece of 2 x10 to a length of 21 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Be sure to get a good square cut at the back end of the bench or the bench extension may not fit correctly. Lay out cutting lines. (Free-hand the curves. I did.) Cut with a sabre saw. Next, use a router or wood rasp and round front corners of the bench for the first $\frac{3}{4}$ ". Round enough off so that the bench will fit in the slot cut in the front leg. The amount of wood to be removed will depend upon the diameter of the router bit used to cut the slot in the front leg. Finally, mark and cut the small cutouts for the waist strap in the sides of the bench.

(Try to be accurate because these cutouts line up with similar cutouts in the side legs. The cuts can be made with a router or sabre saw.)

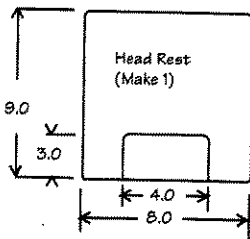
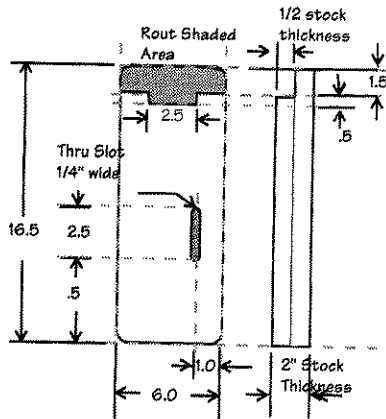
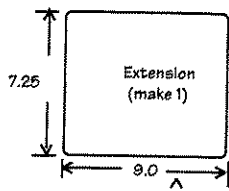
The side legs are the hardest pieces to cut. Cut two pieces of 2x8 to 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ " in length and then rip to a width of 6". Rout the area to a depth of $\frac{3}{4}$ " (this forms the shelf that the bench piece rests on). To cut the slots for the thigh straps, mark the location for the slots and drill a $\frac{1}{4}$ " pilot hole at each end. Then use a router with a $\frac{1}{4}$ " bit to cut the slot. Most routers will not cut deep enough to go through so you will probably have to cut half way through from one side and the rest of the way from the other side of the board. (That's why you need the pilot holes, so the two slots mate in the center).

The rest of the cuts are simple. For the bench extension, cut a piece of 2x10 to a size of 9"x7 $\frac{1}{4}$ ".

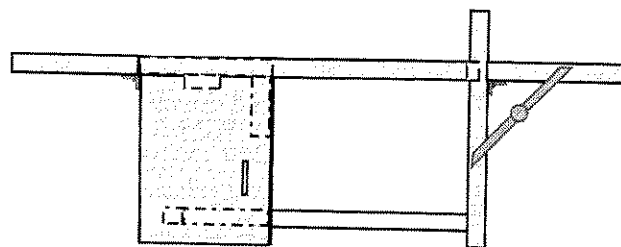
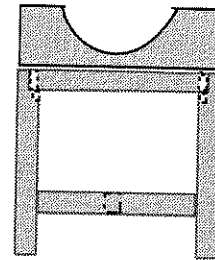
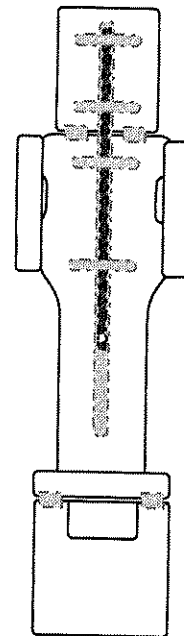
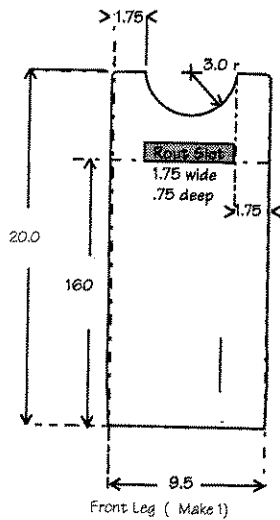
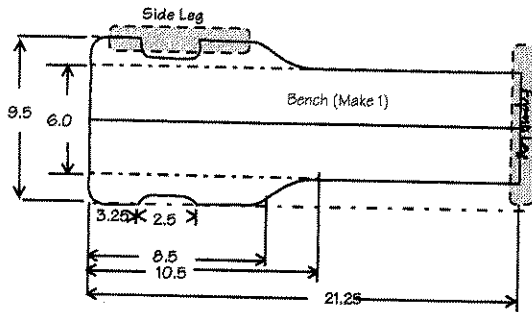
Again, insure you get a good square cut on this piece or the bench extension will not fold up under the bench correctly. For the head rest, cut a piece of 1x10 to a size of 9"x9.5". Use a saber

Side Leg - Make 2

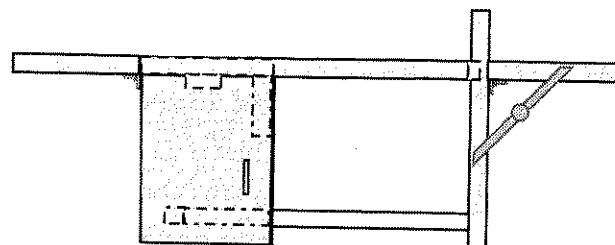
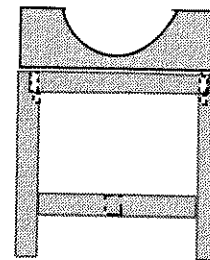
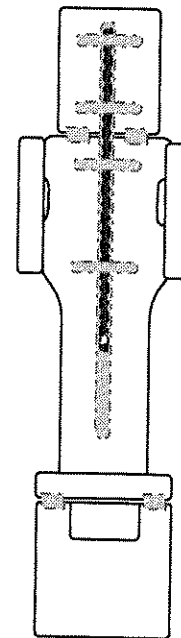
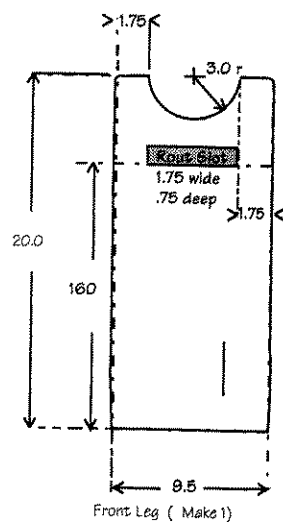
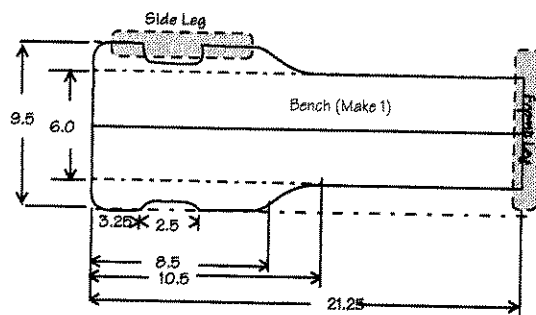
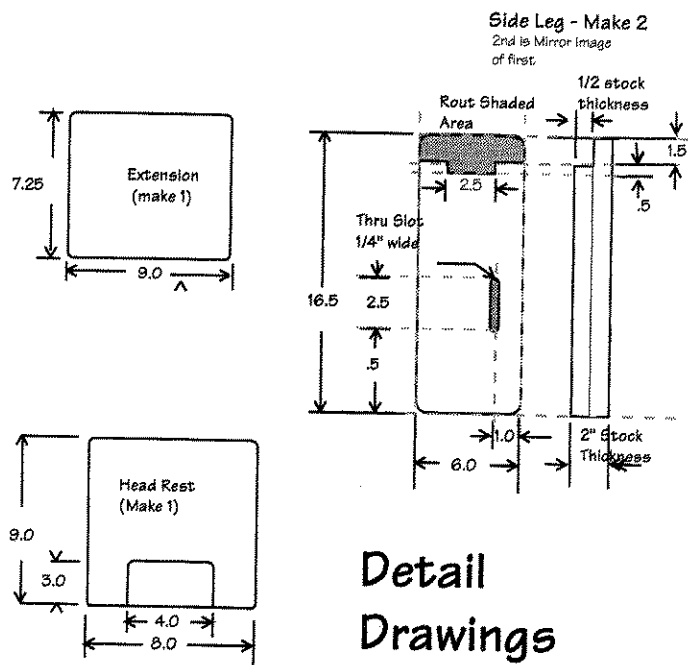
2nd is Mirror Image
of first



Detail Drawings



Assembly Drawing



Assembly Drawing

Bench, continued

of the extension piece. The slide bar should slide freely from one end of the slot to the other.

The braces are next. Measure from the front leg to the rear of the back legs and cut a 2x2 to this length (approx 19"). Rout the last 1½" of one end of this piece to a depth of ¾". Measure the distance between the rear legs and cut a 2x2 to this length (approx 8"). Mark the center of one of the boards and rout.

Assemble the two routed pieces together with two 1½" screws (The pieces should now form a 'T'). Attach this piece to the bench legs at floor level using 3" screws. Cut a 2x4 to fit between the rear legs. Position this piece between the rear legs, flush with the front edge of the legs and against the bottom of the bench piece. Attach using two 3" screws on each end.

Connect the head rest using 1" hinges and hardware provided. When extended, the head rest should be approximately 1" below the neck cutout. Install the two leaf supports in accordance with instructions on package. *Note: I had to bend the leaf supports to attach.*

III. FINISHING TOUCHES

Now for the yucky part. Sand the bench if not already done. Apply stain to the bench if desired. I don't stain my pieces simply because it's more work. But if your dungeon has a coordinated motif, go to it! The choice of topcoat is up to you; I use polyurethane. It's easy to apply and provides a very durable finish. I apply one coat to all surfaces to seal the wood and two more coats to all visible surfaces. Sand lightly between coats and finish with a good furniture paste wax.

Turn the bench upside down and fold the extension up. Put a hook and eye on the support to hold the extension up under the bench when not in use.

Slide the slide bar all the way forward. Position the surface bolt so that when extended, the bolt prevents the slide bar from moving to the rear. Install with provided hardware.

Attach a collar of your choice to the neck opening using roofing nails.

Finally, install eyebolts where desired. I chose to install them at the top and bottom of the front leg, the bottom of the rear legs and one where the support pieces cross. Be creative and use your imagination. Besides strapped in normally, think about: face down with ankles connected to rear legs (very painful after a time), face up with ankles connected to neck eyebolts (extremely painful and exposed).

For the straps, you are on your own. I had mine made by a local leather worker. You can probably find someone to do the same. I believe *Adam and Gillian* offer straps made to length. A final choice might be regular clothing belts (just make sure the buckle will stand up to the strain).

IV. IF I COULD DO IT OVER

Some things I might change if I were to make this bench again:

If hiding the bench away is not a consideration, then attach the bench to the floor or a plywood base. First, bound face down, it is possible to lift the bench off the floor in the midst of struggling (been there, done that!). The second reason is more serious:

CAUTION: *The Bench will flip if you sit on the extension piece! When getting on the bench with the extension piece up, sit on the main bench part, lean back and slide your butt onto the extension. When getting off the bench, slide your butt onto the main part and then sit up!*

I would also make it wider at the rear end by about four inches. If you want to tie your victim with his (or her)

wrists connected between the rear legs, it's difficult to get the arms in place. It's such a nice position, though. The breasts are beautifully exposed for whatever the top desires (I would highly recommend *Gillian's Titty Tower™* at this point in the scene!)

The final thing I would consider adding is a little padding. After spending considerable time on this bench, I find afterwards that I am always tender around my hips and my collar bones.

V. FINAL THOUGHTS

The dimensions I have given are pretty good but test fit the pieces as you go and make minor adjustments as needed. The bench is sized for me. For reference, I am 5' 6" and 145 lbs. Adjust dimensions as needed for your use.

Most of the routing on this piece requires multiple passes. To get straight, repeatable cuts when using your router, use a straight edge clamped to the wood surface as a fence.

If you don't have a router, the bench would be sturdy enough using butt joints and angle supports underneath.

The slots for the leg straps can be cut by using a larger drill bit and then cutting the slot with a sabre saw. You could do the same for the slot for the waist strap. Don't say, "It's too much trouble" and leave the waist strap off. The waist strap definitely adds a lot to this bench. When it's cinched down tight, it makes the victim feel deliciously secure and confined.

The choice of wood is up to you. I used fir and pine. Maple would be a good choice. It would add considerably to the cost and sanding time, however. (See *Issue #20 of The Guardian* about how to glue thin pieces together to make thicker wood.)

One final step, the test run. If your partner is near, say, "Could you come here for just a second and give me a hand?"

Enjoy!

Ceiling Suspension

A Do-it-yourself Project for Play-at-home People

by Frites

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The biggest inspiration for this project was that the living room ceiling badly needed painting. I got to thinking, "If I have to paint the whole thing, I could do almost anything first, and the paint would hide it".

I thought that it would really be nice to have a bondage frame that was usable in the living room. The cellar has exposed rafters, but it tends to be too hot in the summer and too cold in the winter. The living room would just be so convenient! I gave some thought to what would be both convenient, safe, and also discreet. When not in use, it didn't have to be invisible, but it should be far from obvious.

The design I finally came up with is extremely strong. It involved some welding, but didn't depend on those welds for safety. Even if all of the welds broke at once, someone in suspension wouldn't be in any danger. Being something of a safety fanatic, I made this a

two-piece design. The second piece on the top adds firmness, and each piece provides backup and load relief to the other.

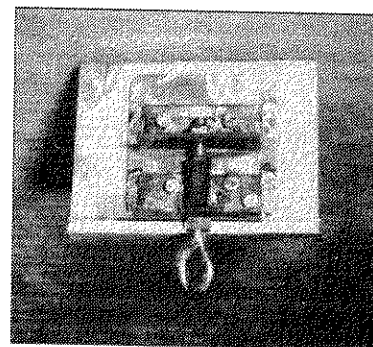
Cost was a factor, and this assembly is probably cheaper than the average toy.

MATERIALS FOR A PAIR:

40 cm of 3/16" thick angle iron
Box of 5/16" lock washers.⁷⁹
24 fender washers for 5/16" bolt
12 5/16" x 2.5" bolts
12 nuts for the 5/16" bolts
2 1/2" x 6" eyebolts
4 1/2" coupling nuts
2 4" square electrical box covers
2 1/2" by 1.5" hex-head bolts
Total price: probably about \$30.

BUILDING THE UNIT:

The "coupling nut" is like a regular nut on steroids. It's designed to join two bolts together. It's tall and has lots of threads. I clamped it to a 10 cm piece of



angle iron, drilled a 1/2" hole for the bolt and tack-welded the nut to the angle iron in two places. Then, I brazed it to the iron using high-tensile strength brazing rods, completing the lower piece.

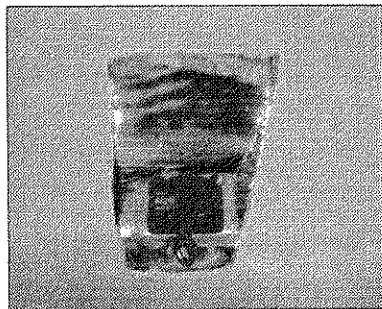
I did essentially the same for the upper piece, but used a regular nut. (For the second set, I made both pieces identical. It cost an extra \$1, but it was just a lot easier.) I used the cheap carriage bolt, rather than one of the expensive eyebolts, to maintain placement as I brazed each pair of units to a steel electrical box cover.

The lower piece has four holes to attach it to the joist, and the upper has

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two. The picture shows what it looks like when mounted.

Important: I drilled all of the holes in the metal before going anywhere near the ceiling! Drilling holes in 3/16" steel is a tedious job.

Now the messy part. I removed enough of the ceiling so that I had room to drill the 6 holes through the rafters, and so that I could reach both sides. I mounted the unit flush with the bottom of the rafter. I had to cut a piece of drywall the right size to patch the big hole, and leave a 3/4" hole where the eyebolt attaches.

For camouflage, a thin piece of metal epoxied to a short hex bolt serves. When painted the same color as the ceiling, it's not too obvious. If you really want to do a good job of hiding these spots, a textured ceiling is ideal.

TESTING & USING IT:

When it's time to use the new rack, all I have to do is remove the camouflage screws and put in the eyebolts. It is important to screw the eyebolt tight to the mounting. This way, the pull isn't on a long stem, so you're much less likely to bend it and there's less strain to work against the mounting.

I tested the strength of the unit when I mounted the first one. After I mounted it with just two bolts through the lower piece, I tied a rope to the eyebolt, supported myself on the rope, and jumped around some. There wasn't the faintest sign of strain. It seems more

than just "adequately strong". I really believe I over-engineered the setup. You're more likely to pull the ceiling down than break or pull down the attachment points.

FINAL THOUGHTS:

Two comments about using this for suspension. Don't use just one eyebolt. Not because it's not strong enough, but because enough turning could unscrew it. Also, while the eyebolts shown are very strong, for suspension you should use eyebolts that end in a closed ring, not like the ones you see in the pictures. They can be special-ordered from many hardware stores, and run about \$10. each. I'm not planning full suspension, but I played it safer by welding the eye

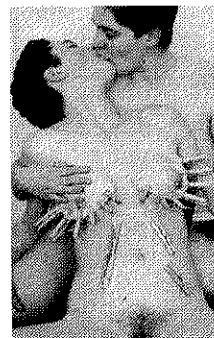
of each of my eyebolts into a solid circle.

(Frites, besides doing occasional construction projects, also posts the "ASB acronym list" to the Internet newsgroup, alt.sex.bondage to help newcomers understand the "code.")

For information on where to buy this kind of hardware, see "Smart Shopper's Unusual Sources," p.36.

Radical Sex Photos

by Michael Rosen. Three high quality soft-cover books of fine art photographs of radical sexuality. Individuals and couples of all genders and persuasions.

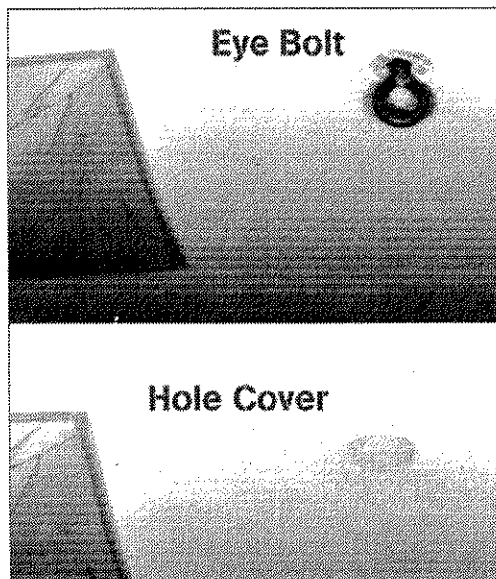


Sexual Art: X-Rated, but not pornography. Transgressive images of explicit sex, with non-standard penetration. Can sexually explicit images be art? This book argues that the answer is YES! Just published. 54 images. See photo at left. \$30.

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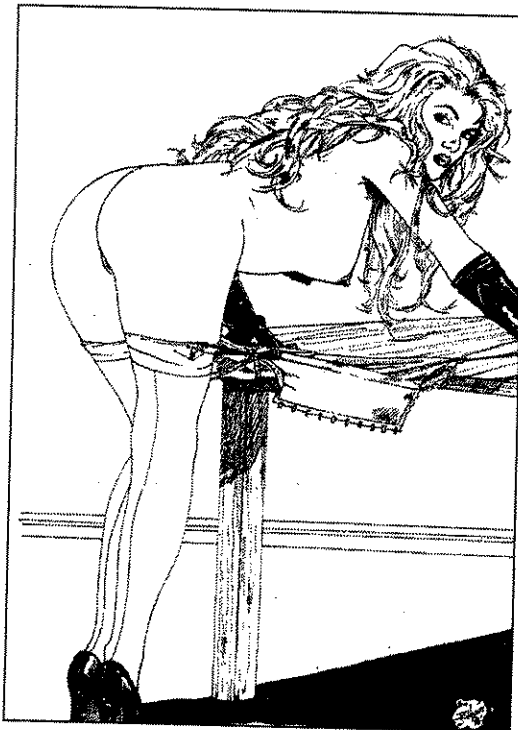
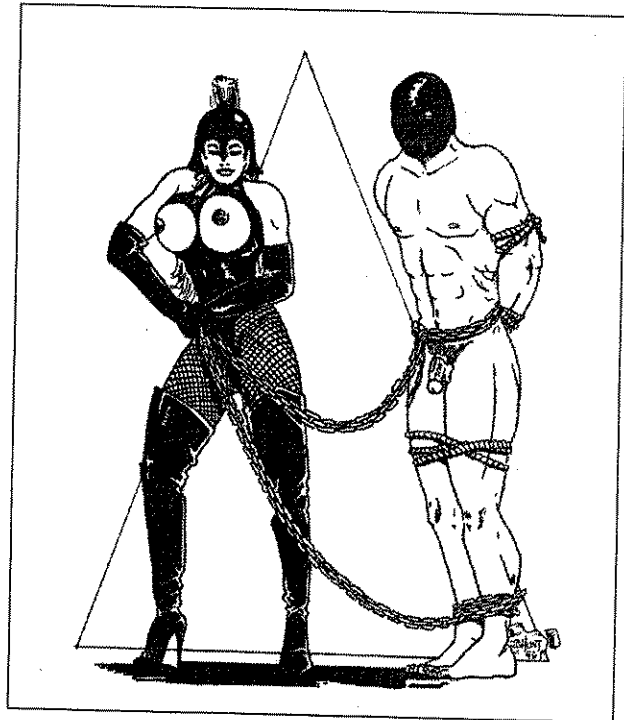
Justin Hunt

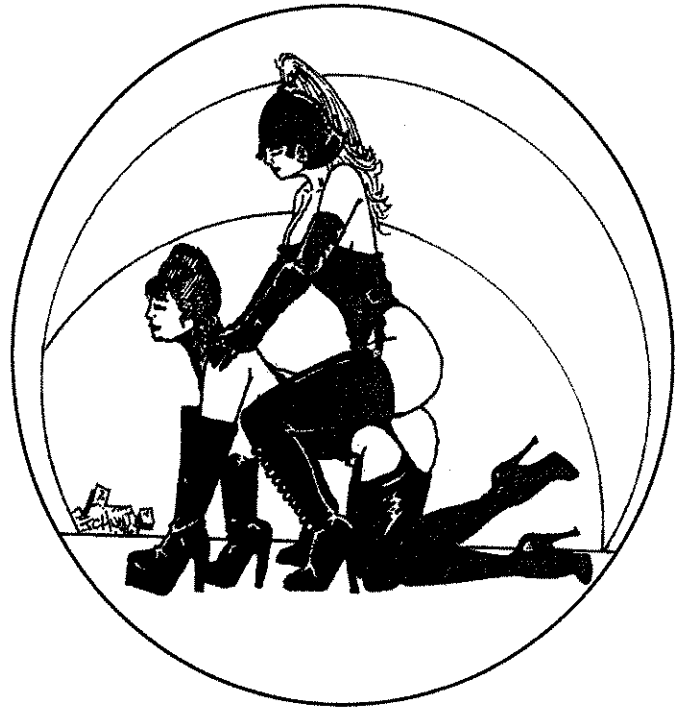
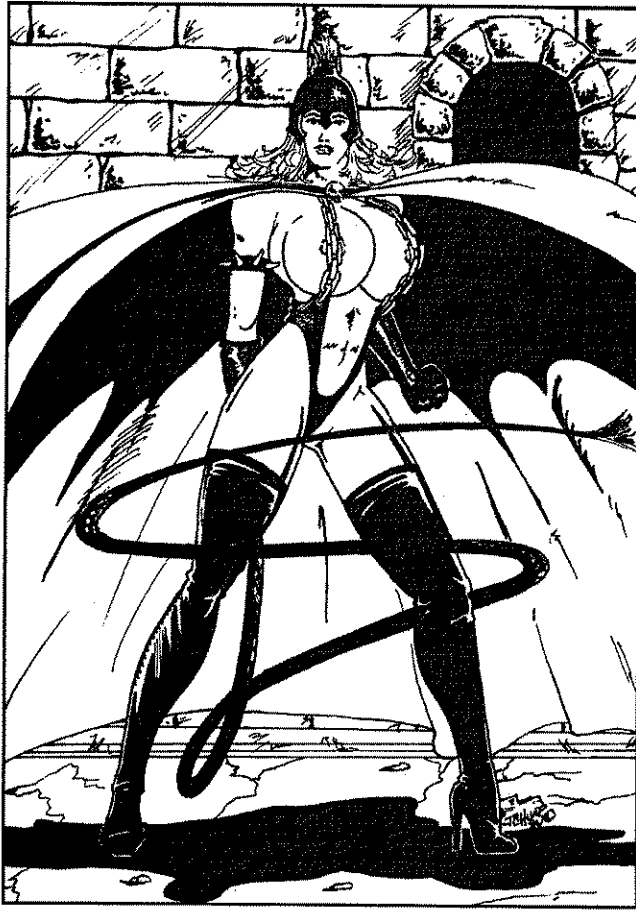
Justin Hunt

lives in Pennsylvania with his wife and two small daughters. When not illustrating or sounding off as "Sgt. Roc," his free time is spent in sky-diving, parachuting, rock-climbing or riding the mechanical bull!

He welcomes opportunities to do artwork "on commission" and can be reached for private assignments at:

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MORE BULLWHIP BULL----

BY MITCH KESSLER

A note on poppers. They're turning white! There are two reasons for this: deliberate replacement in order to be better able to see where the popper is landing, which is a good idea, and bleaching — which is not.

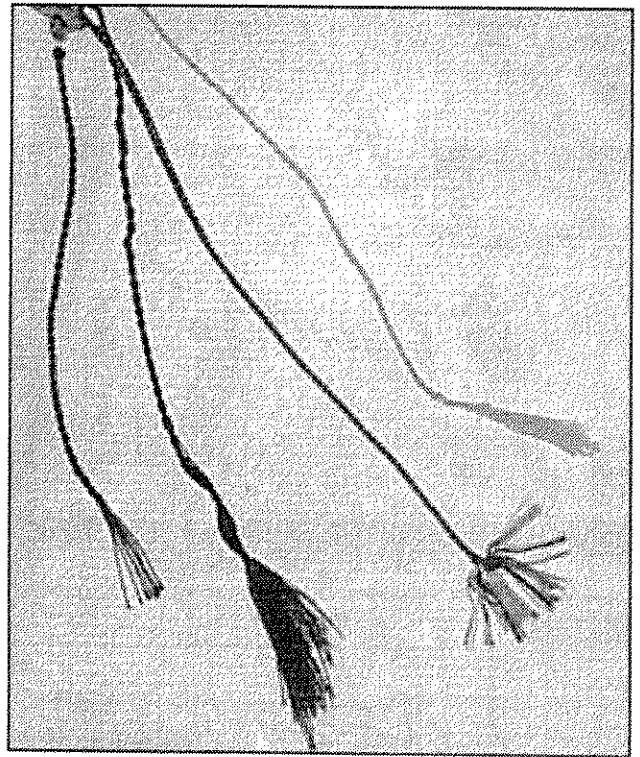
Some fastidious crackers dip the "hitting end" of the popper in 3-5% hydrogen peroxide solution each time it is used on a person. The nylon thread eventually starts to lose color — and yes, it loses strength too. Since replacing the popper on a David Morgan whip is a braiding job, and a fairly skilled one at that, the use of a surgical scrub or a strong soap might be better.

Signal Whips are not designed to actually hit anything. They're intended to help a "musher" give directions to the lead dog in sled racing. Hitting targets — even soft targets — wears out poppers. When this happens to a Morgan, the whip goes back to the shop to have a new popper braided in. The first time that happens, it might be worthwhile to have a 6-8" rawhide "fall" braided into the whip. This protects the leather tip of the lash from "mistakes" and facilitates changing poppers.

There are other reasons for changing poppers than color and hygiene. Yes, poppers can be tuned. The length of the popper and the distance from the knot to the "fluff" have an effect on the tone, and the ease of making it. A thin, hard-fibered popper makes a sharp, higher-pitched crack with little actual force. A bushy, soft popper produces a lower, "thuddy" tone and needs great force to make a loud noise. This can be a very good thing if you're trying to keep the noise down for the sake of the neighbors and their dogs. I believe it also helps much-used whips to last longer by reducing stress.

For those who are starting to make their own poppers, here's some random information that could be of use:

The American bullwhip style popper is stiff and about a foot long with a half-inch or so of that being fluff. These poppers can take a lot of hard use, and increase cutting power when hitting hard targets such as rolled newspapers. To get a loud, sharp crack out of them takes about 50% more force than with the soft Australian style popper. At a



buck each from *Mark Allen Productions* in Las Vegas, there's not a lot of point in trying to replicate them at home.

I've experimented with horsehair for poppers. Now I understand why drovers favored this material. All they needed was always right there behind them. The hair is stiff which means it twists well, but is tricky to knot. It may have a bit more cutting power than a silk or nylon popper and it might be a bit harder to get a good crack out of it, but I wouldn't swear to it. Unless you've got a bushy-tailed horse to groom, I don't think that horsehair poppers are worth the trouble.

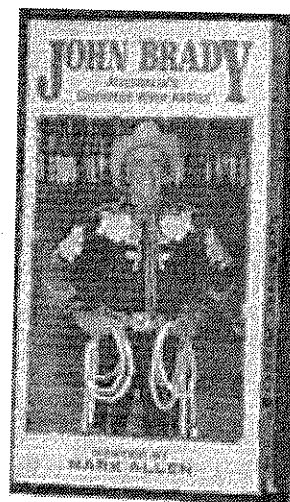
Between silk and nylon threads, I prefer the silk. I think it cracks with less effort and it holds up at least as well. Commercial twisted poppers are usually about 7" long plus another inch and a half of fluff. I make mine about 9.5" long with .5 to .75" of fluff. The two strands, or thread bundles, when twisted together should be between 3/32 and 5/32" in diameter -- an eighth-inch plus or minus a bit. I prefer mine on the thinner side for a higher pitched, sharper crack. (See Issue #19 for "Making Your Own Poppers.")

JOHN BRADY

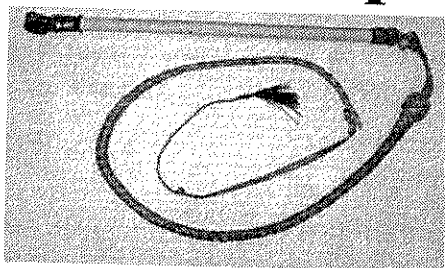
The new *Mark Allen Productions* tape: "John Brady, Australia's Greatest Whip Artist," can have one of two effects on a beginning whipcracker, like me.

Watching this guy could inspire you to redouble your practice effort, or tempt you to give up in despair. John Brady works with two Australian stock whips at a time. They are white and range from 5 to 7 feet long. What Gregory Hines does with tap shoes, John Brady does with his whips. In one routine, he provides the percussion section for "The Stars and Stripes Forever." As if that weren't enough, this tape also shows John's wife and partner redefining "accuracy" as applied to bullwhips. In one stunt, she removes what appears to be a copper penny from a very delicate portion of John's anatomy. Their work is literally unbelievable; you have to see and hear this tape yourself.

M.K.



The Stockwhip

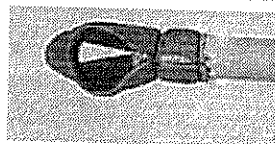
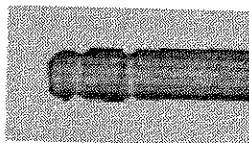


Watching the John Brady tape, I noticed that while Mrs. Brady used "Indiana Jones" style whips for pinpoint accuracy, Mr. Brady used the Australian Stockwhips for his high speed fancy cracking. Unlike the American Bullwhips and their descendants, the Stockwhip employs a separate handle and thong, joined by a leather swivel. Australian whipcrackers maintain that this is the ultimate development of braided single lash whip design.

I can place a vertical crack pretty much where I want it; backcracks and fast multiple cracks completely elude me.

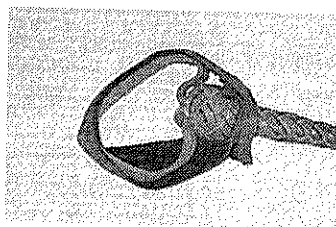
To see if the whip itself had anything to do with this, I took a Billy Anderson 4ft. Snake Whip and attached it to a wooden handle in the Australian style.

First I made a wooden handle 18" long from a convenient piece of birch dowel. I rounded the end and cut two grooves a half inch from the end and about an inch apart. Folding a bit of soft, heavy scrap leather around the end of the handle, to make a loop, I wrapped it

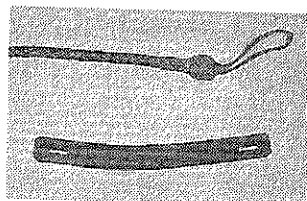


tightly with nylon thread, and sealed the wrap with a few drops of Crazy Glue.

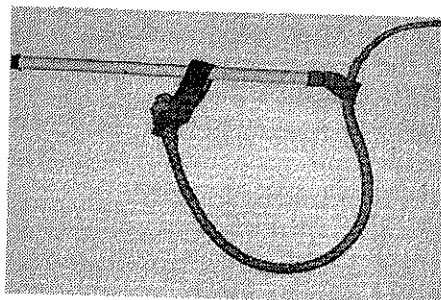
Not trusting the wrist strap not to break or pull out, I used another bit of scrap to make a second strap a bit shorter than the original, to take up the strain.



Then I assembled the handle to the lash in the traditional manner of Australian Stockwhips and English Hunt Whips.



Australian whipcrackers have every reason to be, well, a bit boastful about their design. I was able to make the whip crack on the backstroke and came closer to doing rapid multiple cracks than ever before! I think the accuracy of my side cracks improved too. I will probably keep the Anderson set up as a stockwhip.



And maybe some day I'll be ready to try a matched pair of the real things.

(Mitch Kessler, the Editor and Publisher of *The Guardian*, is also the "Adam" of Adam and Gillian's Sensual Whips and Toys. He owns a growing collection of single-lash whips and is a member of the Australian WhipCrackers and Plaiters Association)

Houseplants of Gor

This parody has been circulating anonymously in Cyberspace. It is offered with affectionate good humor and apologies to John Norman, author of the "Gor" series of Fantasy Adventure novels and to the legion of fans who have derived so much pleasure and philosophical context from Mr. Norman's works.

I hope it raises a smile, guys! — Ed.

The spider plant cringed as its owner brought forth the watering can. "I am a spider plant!" it cried indignantly. "How dare you water me before my time! Guards!" it called. "Guards!"

Borin, its owner, placed the watering can on the table and looked at it. "You will be watered," he said.

"You do not dare to water me!" laughed the plant.

"You will be watered," said Borin.

"Do not water me!" wept the plant.

"You will be watered," said Borin.

I watched this exchange. Truly, I believed the plant would be watered. It was plant, and on Gor it had no rights. Perhaps on Earth, in its permissive society, which distorts the true roles of all beings, which forces both plant and waterer to go unhappy and constrained, which forbids the fulfillment of owner and houseplant, such might not happen. Perhaps there, it would not be watered. But it was on Gor now, and would undoubtedly feel its true place, that of houseplant. It was plant. It would be watered at will. Such is the way with plants.

Borin picked up the watering can, and muchly watered the plant. The plant cried out, "No, Master! Do not water me!" The master continued to water the plant. "Please, Master," begged the plant, "Do not water me!" The master continued to water the plant. It was plant. It could be watered at will.

The plant sobbed muchly as Borin laid down the watering can. It was not pleased. Too, it was wet. But this did not matter. It was plant.

"You have been well watered," said Borin.

"Yes," said the plant, "I have been well watered." Of course, it could be watered by its master at will.

"I have watered you well," said Borin.

"Yes, master," said the plant. "You have watered your plant well. I am plant, and as such I should be watered by my master."

The cactus plant next to the spider plant shuddered. It attempted to cover its small form with its small arms and small needles. "I am plant," it said wonderingly. "I am of Earth, but for the first time, I feel myself truly plantlike. On Earth, I was able to control my watering. I often scorned those who would water me. But they were weak, and did not see my scorn for what it was, the weak attempt of a small plant to protect itself. Not one of the weak Earth waterers would dare to water a plant if it did not wish it. But on Gor," it shuddered, "on Gor it is different. Here, those who wish to water will water their plants as they wish. But strangely, I feel myself most plantlike when I am at the mercy of a strong Gorean master, who may water me as he pleases."

"I will now water you," said Borin, the cactus's Gorean master.

The cactus did not resist being watered. Perhaps it was realizing that such watering was its master's to control. Too, perhaps it knew that this master was far superior to those of Earth, who would not water it if it did not wish to be watered.

The cactus's watering had been finished. The spider plant looked at it.

"I have been well watered," it said.

"I, too, have been well watered," said the cactus.

"My master has watered me well," said the spider plant.

"My master, too, has watered me well," said the cactus.

"I am to be placed in a hanging basket on the porch," said the spider plant.

"I, too, am to be placed in a hanging basket on the porch," said the cactus.

"I wish you well," said the spider plant.

"I, too, wish you well," said the cactus.

I did not think that the spider plant would object to being watered by its master again. For it realized that it was plant, and that here, unlike on Earth, it was likely to be owned and watered by many masters.

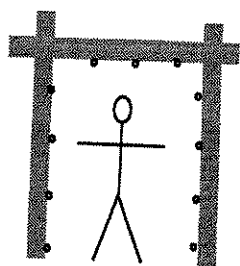
Tying the Horn Cleat

Yo, Ho-Ho! Nothing beats it for tying up big, unmanageable, heavy things in a hurry.

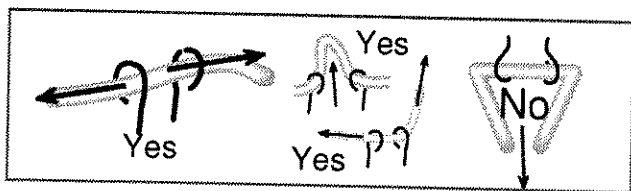
by The Bo'sun

Well now, it sure goes to show. I'd-a thought that the whole point of using two hooks instead of one eye to guide a line was that there was a lot of these "fair leads" (rope guides) that needed rigging.

Now, on a wood boat this particular wrinkle (trick) is good for lacing around the perimeter of things, when the skipper don't want to spend a lot o' time on the job, or a lot o' money at the chandlery (maritime supply store) for store-bought fittings. I've mostly used it to dress (neaten up) horizontal pulling lines like sheets and halyard-ends (control lines) for light-air sails.



If you wanted to anchor a human being inside a frame using only one long line you've got at least four attachment points to worry about. If you do it by leading your long line through a rope harness you might have 8 or 10. And if you wanted to rig a spider web inside the frame you'd have even more. That's where the two-hook trick 'comes right handy (becomes most useful).

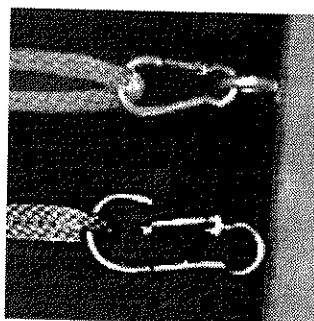


Hardly seems it'd be worth the trouble of settin' the extra screw-eye if there wuz only one.

Still, I got a call from a fella I know, a careful kinda fella, who got the idea that I was talking about a single overhead lashup (improvised construction), like you'd use for a suspension tackle (hoist). I gotta admit, Joe, you're right. That'd be foolish for want of sense. Hooks are weaker than round eyes. You'd think folks'd just naturally use a bit o' foresight and judgment when they rig for hoisting — seeing the line, and the fittings fit (are the right size and strength) for the load fer example. I reckon I could be mistook on that point, though. So there's another thing

about this rig I shoulda mentioned — you want to look out you don't get the load squeezing the two hooks together.

At any rate, Joe suggested another way of doing the same thing ... it's a fair sight neater, it's half the work and twice as handy — does cost more tho'. Instead of setting two screw hooks, you set one screw eye (for light loads) or eye-bolt (for heavy ones). Then you snap a "CARABINER" through the



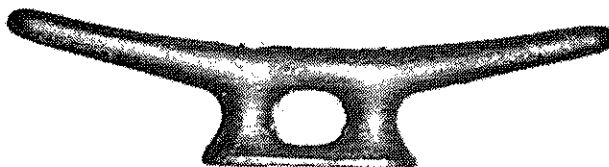
eye. Then you snap anything you like through the carabiner. (Don't ask me how you pronounce that. Some says it like Carab-BEEN-there others like it's a Car-a-BEAN-counters.) You get the best ones in stores for Mountain Climbers, but if you don't need a superstrong,

ultralight fitting, big hardware stores and most boating stores have light duty ones for about a buck each.

Mebbe you've figgered out by now that we've been looking at things you can do with a long line without regard where its ends are. Now let's have a go at securing a rope's end. 'Course there's plenty of knots you can use — books full of them — 'bout half of them right useful, too. But what's wanted here is a method that's quick-on and quick-off and easy to adjust for length. For all of that there's nothing quite like making fast to a cleat.

Of course, these cleats don't really look as if they belong in a house, any more than big iron rings do. Oh, one or two small ones in window frames can be passed off as some kind of household convenience, a way to hold up bamboo curtains or plants or the like. A half dozen or so on a bed-frame are hard to explain away, though — 'cept maybe as "lifting hooks."

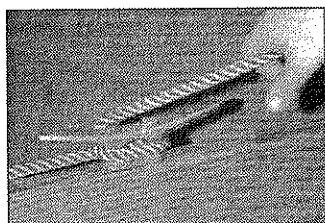
But, assumin' that you don't have to explain your domestic conveniences, You get horn cleats from a *chandler* (boat-ing-stuff store), or a really good hardware store. Nowadays, they're selling by mail like everyone.



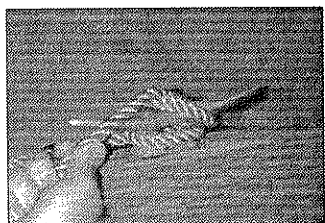
If yer gonna set them up *Bristol Fashion* (perfectionist) you should use bolts, but screws and washers will do.

On bunk or platform bed,

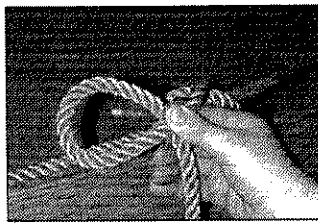
Horn Cleat, continued



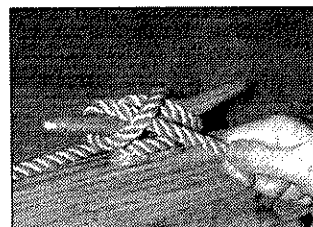
The first step is called *Surging* the line: - wrap the line all the way 'round the cleat and pull up. You can handle mighty large loads this way.



Step 2 : "make a figure 8" — wrap the line down and around the horn farthest from the load. Bring it back around and under the closer horn



Step 3: make a loop, twisting the line under itself. Pretty soon you'll be doin' this one-handed.



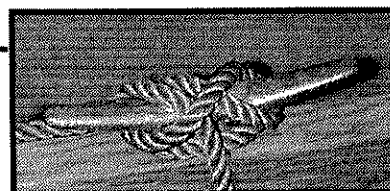
Step 4: drop the loop over the horn closest to the load, and pull it tight.

6 of them on the underside at the corners and center will be just fine, just so you can get them when you want them, but where they can't get at you the rest of the time.

And that's all there is to it. If it looks like the picture it's right. If it's not right, you probably got the loop backwards.

Truth be told, there's an easier way of doing this. Just wrap the line in a figure eight over the horns, but with no loop. Then you just wrap what's left once or twice around the base — racing sailors used to do this.

The only thing you want to be fussy about is getting the cleats large enough for your lines. Quarter inch line needs to



be about 6" from horn to horn, 3/8" dia needs 8" and 1/8" can get by with a 4" cleat.

And that's the sailor's way of keeping something you love from *coming adrift*, and slipping away with the tide.

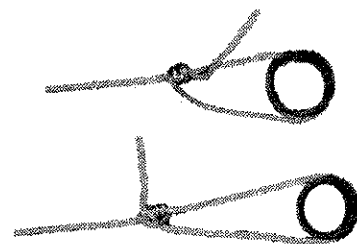
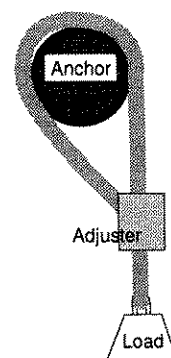
Adjusting Lines

Getting the slack out of a line, especially one with a live load at the end of it can be a bit more of a fuss. Using a horn cleat instead of a knot helps a good bit. Using some kind of line adjuster is even easier. Course you do give up some of your lash-up's strength and simplicity, and your setup may be a mite more tedious, but it sure beats havin' lot of doing an' undoing to do.

Here's three lash ups that work about the same way. There's a long single line that carries the load; it runs through a ring or around a solid object, and back to the long line (making a loop) where it attaches to itself by means of the adjuster.

The first adjuster is nothing but a knot. Lead the working end of the line around the anchor point and back to itself making a loop. Wrap around the standing (load carrying) end 3 or 4 times **INSIDE THE LOOP**. Cross the working end over the wraps, over and around behind the standing end, and then under itself to finish the knot. Work all the turns (wraps) snug. This knot will slide easily along the line in either direction, so long as it's not under load.

This is a very important knot to know. It makes an adjustable, secure attachment to anything round, be



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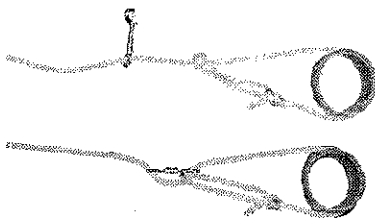
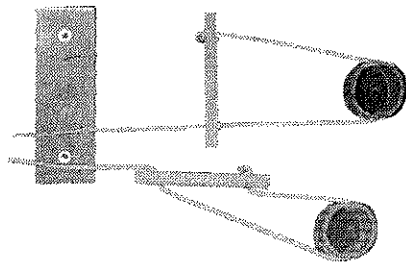
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TOYS FOR THE CURIOUS-MINDED

it a pole, a spar, or another line. When the pull is more or less parallel, the knor will hold. .

The second adjuster is a bit of board, of no particular size with two holes a little bit (1/16") larger than the line

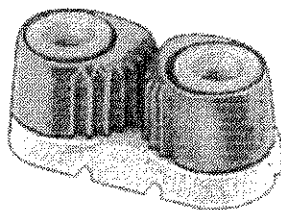


that will pass through them. The working end is lead from Left to Right through one hole in the board, around the anchor, and then from Right to Left through the other hole. (In the Days of Sail this hole in a block or pulley was properly called the "arse" — "hole" was the cruder

of the two words.) With this contraption you can adjust the line with one hand even under 30 or 40 lbs of load.



Like the second adjuster, the holes can be of any convenient size. The working (non-load) end of the line could be seized or spliced to make a permanent loop, or



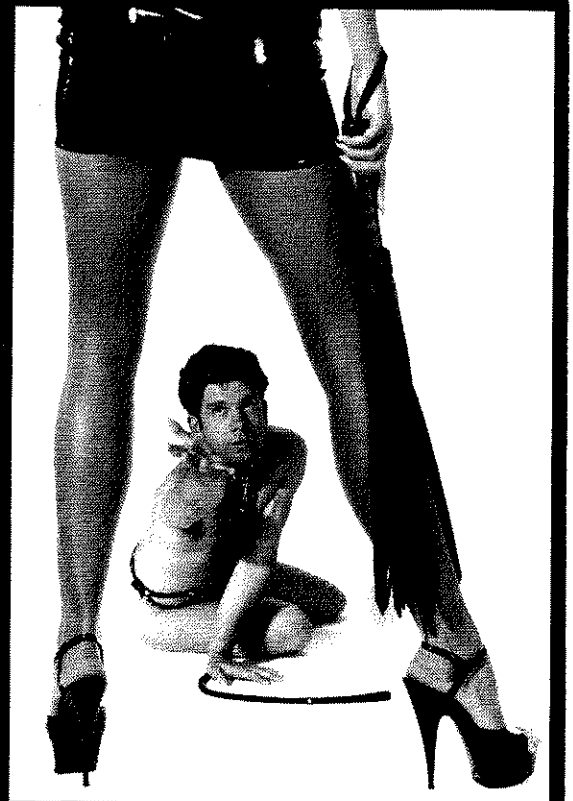
just tied in a bowline. The load bearing line is passed through the loop to make a running loop (lasso). Then one hook of the adjuster captures the part of the load-bearing line on one side of the running loop, the other hook goes over the loop and captures the line on the other side of the loop. This arrangement is compact and strong, if a bit fussy to adjust under any real load.

Finally here's the new-fangled way of securing the end of a line: self locking cleats. There's two kinds. One is a spring loaded pair of toothed cams. As the line is pulled through the cams rotate, letting it pass but when the load is applied the cams are pulled back, locking the line in place. The other is a jam clear, a plastic clamshell affair that wedges the line inside itself.

The Bo'sun

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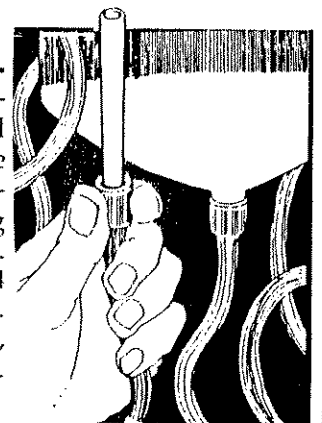
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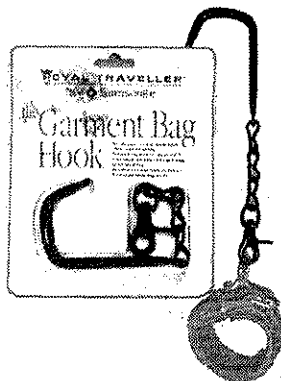
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Temporary Sky Hooks

Available in luggage and hardware stores, replacement hooks for garment bags, while less robust than permanent hardware, can provide a reasonable facsimile of a restraining point when you're away from home. Just hook the square end over any *open* door, close to the hinges and there you are! Of course, now you cannot *close* the door, making the choice of *which* door to use somewhat critical.

If you're willing to cut a pair of notches in the door and doorframe moulding, the door can be closed for additional strength and rigidity, and you have quick-on, quick-off hardware for the home dungeon, without hard-to-explain "plant hangers" screwed into your walls.

If there's a noisy "doggy" in your life ... if you have a pup that wanders or disobeys -- here's a shocking solution to your problem. *This hasn't been tested by the Guardian yet, but ... according to the advertising* --- The voice recognition chip takes about 10 seconds to program: You pop the cover, press the button, give the chip the sound to memorize -- your "voice of command" for example. Now only *that* sound will trigger the discipline sequence ... the first "bark" does nothing, the second issues a warning beep, the next 20 causes a small electrical shock. After 20 seconds the system resets.

Voice recognition collar helps eliminate your dog's unwanted barking...



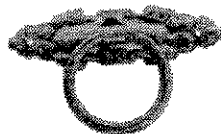
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The best use for the Lion drawer pull from Constantine's was on a beautifully made formal collar, made by a private citizen.



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Others just don't work well with attachment hardware. Many are far too large. The one I found comes from Cherry Tree Toys, a small-catalog mail order company which sells parts, plans and turnings for children's wooden toys, music boxes and other rustic home projects.

Since then I have been on the lookout for something functionally similar, that wasn't too much like a copy of the original of someone else's work.

The difficulty lies in the need for a flat back with a threaded socket. Many pulls have a threaded shaft.

The Kinder, Gentler ...Cheaper Handcuff Revisited

In Issue #22 of the *Guardian*, we described a disposable handcuff that is sold in the *Shomer-Tec* catalog. Readers have called, asking what makes these handcuffs "special" and wanting to know more about them.

The plastic **SAFE-T-CUFF™** has two individual restraining straps. One strap is applied to each wrist or ankle to secure each individually.

Place one strap around a subject's wrist (smooth side against the skin) then insert the strap into that strap's locking port (located above the "INSERT" pointer mark) and press the

strap through the lock to the desired tightness. Repeat this action with the second strap on the second wrist or ankle. To verify that each secured strap leaves sufficient space for proper blood flow to each hand, simply place the first digit of your index finger inside the strap, between the strap and the secured wrist. If your finger freely slips in and out, sufficient room has been provided without jeopardizing security. This technique works with all flexible handcuffs — and with steel as well.

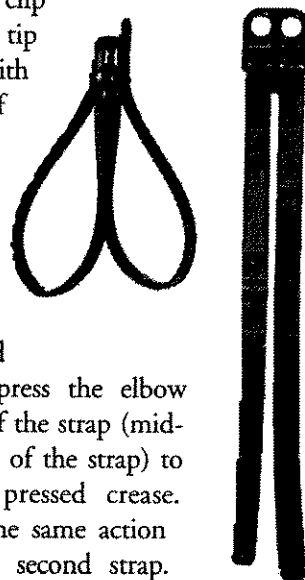
REMOVING THE SAFE-T-CUFF:

The **SAFE-T-CUFF™** is safely removed by cutting each strap in two with diagonal cutters. Care should always be practiced when removing flexible handcuffs, to avoid injury. The use of knives and similar open blade cutters should NEVER be used.

CARRYING AND STORING THE SAFE-T-CUFF™:

To fold the **SAFE-T-CUFF™** for carrying or concealment, simply fold one strap toward its individual lock,

slide the cuff tip up and through the strap's individual securing clip until the tip is level with the top of the circular ring, then with finger and thumb, press the elbow section of the strap (middle point of the strap) to form a pressed crease. Repeat the same action with the second strap. This will not damage the strap since the strap is made with very strong flexible nylon plastic. A permanent mark ("INSERT") has been molded into each strap identifying the correct lock entry port for each individual strap.



The cuffs are available from the *Shomer-Tec* catalog, #SC, \$5 cuffs for \$5.00 plus shipping.

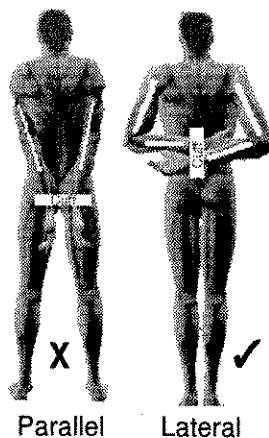
Handcuff Positioning to Avoid Injuries

The most common complaint by a prisoner is injury or discomfort to the shoulders and wrists while being restrained. In view of the forecasted increase in arrests of juvenile offenders and aging offenders, added to the current volume of arrests and transports, this complaint will most likely increase. The most common physical complaint is injury to either the ligaments and joints of the shoulders and/or the wrists.

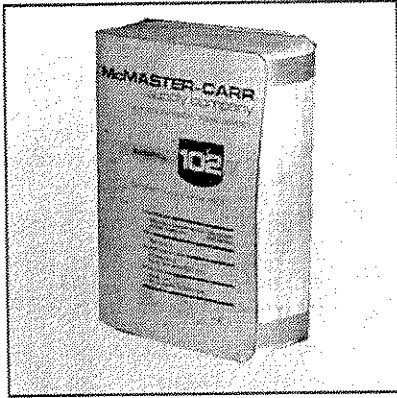
Most of these complaints can be minimized by handcuffing your prisoner in the **Lateral** (Rectangular) position as shown, rather than in **Parallel** (Triangulated)

handcuffing which creates stress areas to the prisoner's wrists and shoulder joints.

There are other benefits to **Lateral** handcuffing. Prisoners in transport, find sitting in the transport vehicle considerably more comfortable and safer since they are not directly sitting on their handcuffed wrists. Also, **Lateral** handcuffing separates the hands, thus making it more difficult for prisoners to grab weapons with both hands or to attack an officer. Another benefit is that very flexible jointed prisoners have a much more difficult time slipping their laterally restrained arms down behind them and around to their front where they have more control of their arms and hands. The **Lateral** position also discourages officers from elevating the cuffed wrists to "leverage" the secured arms as a "comealong" hold. This type of hold greatly increases the stress on shoulder joints.



Unexpected Sources



If hardware stores make you hot, and give you ideas, McMaster-Carr Supply Company will drive you wild with passion! It has *everything*! Nitrile gloves, gas masks, chain, plastics, rubber, adhesives, locks, shackles, nuts, bolts, cargo nets, hoists, dollies and body harnesses. Best of all, they sell small quantities of things

usually available only in expensively large lots. An order phoned in by 8 at night is usually delivered, (not shipped, — *delivered*) the next weekday in most parts of the country, from one of their several warehouses.

There is one catch: their 2800 page catalog is sent to commercial accounts only. If you don't qualify, have someone with a business — your garage mechanic for example — open an account, with an extra catalog for you. All you need to order is a credit card and a part number. In fact, if you can describe the item in ten words or less, you don't even need the part number.

McMaster's virtue is variety, and delivery — not price! Hardware is roughly the same price as in neighborhood stores, but heavy equipment, fur-

niture, and computer wares, among others, can be outrageously over-market. However, once you know an item exists and what it is called, you can shop for a better price elsewhere.

Guardian build-it-yourself articles will cite McMaster-Carr numbers of key components. In addition, subscribers only can call us at (516) 842-1711, weekdays after 11am ET, and we'll try to find part numbers for your projects.

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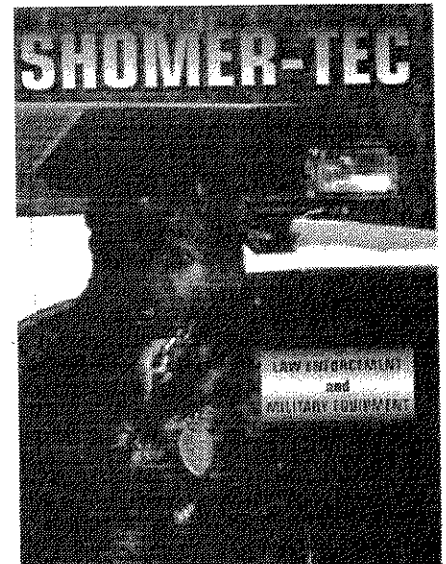
Shomer-Tec carries an unusually aggressive selection of tools-of-the-trade for non-consensual mischief and mayhem. However, the non-violent shopper, too, will find a lavish array of unusual and pulse-quickenning hardware.

For uniform fetishists there are tactical harness and gear, camouflage and uniform duds, and an enormous selection of Police Department shoulder patches.

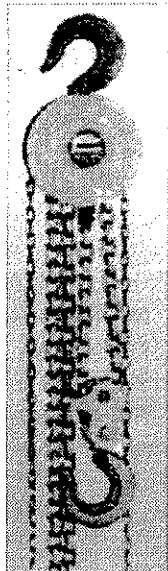
Heavy "edge" players will find implements of mayhem including lead loaded "sap gloves," blackjacks and discreet "cooperation encouragers," of several kinds.

Their selection of steel restraints is small, including only Hiatt hand- and leg-cuff models and a no-brand economy line.

However, their selection of handcuff KEYS is well worth looking at. In addition to the standard and riot-baton model styles, they also provide a hard-to-lose, oversized version that works well with gloved hands, one designed to be carried in a shirt pocket like a pen, and a professional swivel top model for the keychain. The jewel of the collection is an oversized key hidden in what appears to be a leather belt loop. Easily overlooked, it is a must have item for any student of "escapistry".



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REVIEWS

BOOK REVIEW

by Steve Vakesh

***Fetish: Fashion, Sex and Power*, by Valerie Steele**
Oxford University Press, 1996,
Hardcover \$35.00

Valerie Steele is a British cultural historian, now in New York, who specializes in the history of fashion. She has written several books on the interplay between fashion and the erotic and the growing influence of fetish clothing on the fashion industry — a trend so obvious that it is long overdue for academic treatment.

She traces this to the 1960's, seeing a line from Emma Peel (Diana Rigg) in the British TV show, "The Avengers," to Michelle Pfeiffer as Batwoman in "Batman Returns." What the leather-clad Rigg began, has grown even stronger over the last 30 years. Now in the 1990's, Steele cites the widespread acceptance of fetish clothing as proof that the barrier between the normal and perverse has been destroyed.

Following a brief survey of the academic literature on this subject, she discusses in turn, corsets, high heels, boots, lingerie, and various material fetishes including rubber and leather — adopting a compromise position between anti-pornography feminists and proponents of open sexuality.

Using the Freudian concept of fetishism, — *The fetish is seen as a phallic substitute for women. The fetishizing man focuses on the fetish which substitutes for the "missing" penis of his female partner and eases his own castration anxiety* — Steele argues that this is a European phenomenon originating in the late 18th century. Before then, she states the focus of arousal remained on the person wearing the clothes, not the clothes themselves. She has trouble, therefore, recognizing or explaining fetish practices in pre-18th century China and Japan, for example.



In addition, Steele's fetishist is always male. She never addresses the fact of a growing number of women who, like Pat Califia, have declared themselves to be fetishists. Roughly half the pictures of women in fetish attire that illustrate her points are holding whips, and though whip fetishism would fit her phallogocentric worldview — she says nothing about this.

While interesting for its exploration of the interplay between fashion and fetish, the book has serious flaws. It is a tired cliché that a history is only as good as its sources. Here, Steele's work falls short. She relies on a small number of interviews with members of the British and American fetish communities. Unfortunately, Steele accepts many of the personal views of the people she interviewed as universal realities. Like Peter Czernich (publisher of *Marquis*) and Jerry Lee (of *Centurions/Spartacus*), she rigidly separates SM practices from fetishism and ignores the dynamic between the two. Fetishism is ok. SM is not.

While Steele mentions the importance of street fashion in shaping both the fetish and fashion worlds, she emphasizes celebrities and leaves this area unexplored.

Supplementing the interviews with references to a handful of popular, but not aca-

demically rigorous, works, her use of primary sources is spotty at best. She makes extensive use of "Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine," (EDM) a late 19th century publication full of salacious tightlacing stories, but otherwise skips uncritically and at random through a handful of fetish magazines. While she mentions the importance of the immediate post-WW II years to the fetish aesthetic, she never once mentions the John Willie landmark magazine, "Bizarre." She includes examples of Irving Klaw's Bettie Page photos, but although this phenomenon is clearly linked to the adoption of fetish clothing by mainstream fashion designers, she doesn't mention Klaw, or the reemergence of Page as a cult icon in the eighties.

In an especially distressing oversight she comments that BDSM movies emphasize fetishistic elements to the exclusion of intercourse and sexual activity. She uses this observation to prove the predominant importance of fetishism, ignoring the effect of State censorship — especially rigorous in Great Britain — on film content. If many BDSM movies are little more than fetish fashion shows, is this not because the people who view these movies value black PVC over genital sex, or because it is illegal to portray virtually any sex act in a BDSM movie?

Rather than worrying about the role of fetish clothing in BDSM movies, Steele might have pointed to the adoption of fetish clothing by the non-BDSM adult movie industry. Virtually every box-cover at my local purveyor of porn is graced by a woman clad in either leather or PVC regardless of the contents of the movie. Obviously, fetish attire helps sales!

While it is nice to see our interests and desires portrayed in an occasionally positive light by an academic, this is far from the definitive book on modern fetishism. Interesting at times and offensive at others, it leaves plenty of room for future scholars.

(Steve Vakesh is currently completing his Ph.D in history and plans on writing a history of BDSM once he is safely tenured.)

CALENDAR REVIEW

by Gerrie Blum

Power Play

**A BDSM Photo Calendar
from Tom Mayes**

Just in time for the holiday season comes an erotic fetish "pin-up" calendar done in Black and White. If you are interested in rubber, d/s, sensual pictures of body piercing, the thrills of whips, leashes, cuffs, bare-chested men, and women in stockings or thigh high boots, you will be intrigued by this calendar.

The photographer, Tom Mayes, has a studio in Oakland, California, with 20 foot ceilings and wooden beams, allowing him to create some authentic-looking BDSM scenes. There are suspension bars as well as the usual cuffs over head. And, an intriguing spanking bench that we have included in our Gallery spread.

Keeping the images in Black and White adds to the dramatic effect. The photographs, two to a page, are high contrast pictures on a white background, suitable for framing as each month passes.

The models seem well-suited to the calendar. Their attitudes, clothing, piercings and tattoos all blend together, one image after another. In addition to the usual assortment of too-perfect fashion model-types, there are a couple of men, and one blonde, body-builder woman who looks like she really knows what to do with the flogger in her hand, in the opinion of this reviewer.

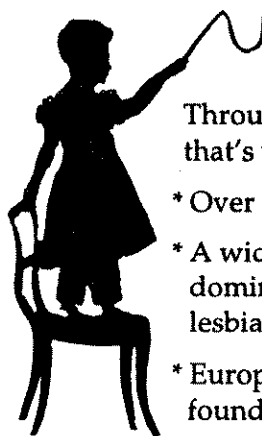
Tom says this is his first solo calendar project and produced entirely "in house." It's not your usual slick, mass-produced variety. He had previously been part of team that did a swimsuit catalog for a major manufacturer. His resume includes stills for advertising, lingerie, magazine layouts, "boudoir" photography and portfolios for models and actors.

Keeping in mind his love for Black and White photography and his interest in fetish, his intent was to produce a highly-charged, sensual, erotic calendar that would excite and stimulate the viewer.

The calendar can be ordered direct from Tom Mayes. See his ad on page 32 for details.



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Memoirs continued from p.11

is where familiarity comes into play. Know your partner well enough to sense when they are beyond their limit; it might be up to you to end the scene. The first time I was caned I passed out. Fortunately, my lover recognized that I was losing consciousness moments before it actually happened. He quickly released me and put me to bed with a cool compress. Nothing was attempted for over a week. I needed time for my system to recover; and even longer than that for a second caning. This experience is still one of my best; each successive caning could only become better, because of the love and patience of my Master.

Reality Check

Sometimes what is exciting in fantasy does not translate well into reality.

Know and understand your anatomy. Tie or buckle cuffs snug enough so the hands and/or feet can not easily slip through — you can always tighten later, if need be — but check periodically for signs of circulation problems. The body can not stay long in awkward, suspended, or contorted positions; blood flow can be seriously restricted and muscles cramped or strained. Do not lift or jerk by the neck or wrists, especially if the arms are secured behind the back; joints are fragile and can be easily dislocated. There are several areas that should NOT be whipped, spanked, or struck, due to the potential for physical damage: Back of the neck, throat, lower abdomen, lower back, knees.

Handcuffs: Shiny, severe, fetishistic; great for show when leading around a slave. But if used for more serious restraint such as securing to the headboard of a bed (as portrayed in several soft core sex thrillers), or suspension from a doctor frame they can cause mild to severe discomfort, not to mention bruising.

The most common reaction in the throes of passion is to pull against the restraint, even the fur-covered variety and that hard metal core can still bite through the padding. Caution is also necessary regarding the use of rope, scarves, or anything else that is knotted. The knots should be secure and not likely to tighten up into a tourniquet. In my opinion a well made pair of leather cuffs are still the best option. They come in a wide variety of styles, are versatile, adjustable, and have enough "give" to prevent discomfort or bruising.

Or this great visual: Stuffing a pair of balled up panties or stockings into a slave's mouth. Intense imagery for the moment, but it should not be done *in lieu* of a traditional gag; or if the recipient is laying on his or her back for any extended period of time. During times of stress respiration accelerates, the nasal passages can no longer accommodate the increasing amount of air the body is demanding, anything loose in the mouth can get sucked into the tra-

bility is rather remote, the moral is allow for all contingencies.

Ok, suppose you have found a compatible partner; you have chosen your roles, defined limits and boundaries and are now ready to begin. Now is time for:

Preliminaries

Shopping for equipment should be a mutual endeavor. Start simple, a lot can be accomplished with just a few good pieces, more can be added later as both partners get a better sense of what they want. Take time and care in selecting each piece; make it part of the ritual, part of foreplay. The selection of the perfect collar and costume might be equated with the the buying of The Ring, or the fitting of a bridal gown.

Practically: examine the design, materials, test it on your hand, arm, leg; work with it, learn how to use it before bringing it into play. That sleek, sexy rubber cat might feel good in the hand and make the most delicious sound hissing through the air, but

Sometimes what is exciting in fantasy does not translate well into reality.

chea too easily. Many of us (myself included) just don't breathe well on our backs. I personally don't even own a ball or inflatable gag. I feel that not enough air is getting around it. It takes up too much room in the mouth. I prefer something that goes in the mouth without creating an actual obstruction — like a rubber covered horse's bit, or a stocking or scarf tied around the head.

Safety and common sense can not be emphasized enough. Consider this morbid scenario: You are tied spread-eagled on the bed, expertly trussed, gagged, ready, and your lover, stricken by a sudden coronary, drops dead on the spot! Now what? While this possi-

those thin tails can cut; literally. Every piece of equipment I possess — from whip to cuff to clamp — I have personally tested upon myself, I know what it does, I know how it feels. Nipple clamps should be adjustable and appropriately sized to the nipple. A large jawed clamp on a chunky chain might be impressive, but cumbersome and ultimately ineffective on a small nipple. I test the pressure and grip on the fleshy web between my thumb and forefinger. For those who are more sensitive, there are suction cups, or "Sucker fish." The difference between the two are like night and day. Clamps pinch and squeeze, restricting the blood flow, and can be adjusted to cause real pain;

suction cups hold and gently suck with a slowly increasing pressure, drawing more blood into the flesh, much better suited for light play.

Sensual Theater

This is a Theater of the Senses and it is through the senses you must communicate. This is accomplished by costume, setting, dialogue and attitude as well as equipment. Be realistic; sometimes bigger and more expensive is not better. While there is a lot to be said for "visuals," a rawhide bullwhip as thick as your wrist is definitely overkill.

Verbal humiliation is something to be approached carefully. Words can hurt; share with your partner words and phrases (if you have any) that are touch points, that can stir bad memories or emotions. As an example: during play I can be called "birch," "whore," "worthless scum," etc., but I immediately shut down when I hear, "You asked for it," or, "You made me do this to you," so I make sure anyone I'm involved with knows and understands this. Also, a voice low, controlled and firm will convey much more than yelling or extraneous obscenity.

A safe word is mandatory and must be carefully chosen; something simple and familiar, not easily forgotten, yet different enough not to be accidentally used. "Mercy," "No," "Stop," and the like should not be considered. The word needs to stand out from common sex talk so there is no mistaking the urgency to stop. "Dog" is mine.

In the beginning, keep it simple, light, playful; the less complicated the scene, the more to enjoy the experience. Do not be afraid to go through a "dry run," several times if need be. Choreograph the scene, map out the logistics, get the framework of what you hope to achieve, not a fixed script with no room for spontaneity. And test the equipment. Leave as little room as possible for error; i.e. — accident.

In the beginning, keep it simple, light, playful; the less complicated ... the more to enjoy ...

Leather goods, like cuffs, collars, restraints, and some types of whips need to be broken in; the leather should be gently stressed, then moisturized, then stressed again. This will soften new skin and prevent the possibility of chafing.

Needless to say, drugs and alcohol have no place in this type of play. I'm even strict enough to say that even a little drink to, "loosen up a bit," is probably not a good idea — especially in the beginning, when you are still learning to navigate the waters.

Have fun, nothing is so serious as to become a disaster, unless you allow it to. If something is not going well, don't force it, call it a night. Sometimes what sounds good in the planning stages doesn't quite happen in the physical and that's OK! Discuss what did and did not work, and, above all, do not take it personally! I try to find something humorous to recount; like when, during an intense moment, I fell flat on my ass. I was wearing a latex hobble skirt and platform shoes, lost my balance and ended up on the floor, an awkward situation for a Domina! I started laughing, which got my partner laughing, after which I salvaged the scene by having him bring me a different pair of shoes — on his knees, of course — and put them on for me. Then we continued.

Be loving. The scene does not stop at orgasm; the afterplay is as important, or more so, than the scene itself. When I am the Dominant, I enjoy tending to my lover afterwards. It is done slowly, lovingly; he had served me well, so I now serve him. I gently rub and kiss his wrists and ankles if they

had been bound; bathe him, wash his hair, clean and dress any wounds if play had been severe; provide food, drink, massage, soothing words, whatever they want or need. Remember, good partners are hard to find. Cherish them.

Some Final Thoughts

Still a little unsure? There is a wealth of literature out there. Collect a wide variety of authors, both male and female, gay and straight. The basics essentially will be the same, but each will also be flavored with the individual writer's background, experiences, preferences, and perceptions. Just remember: fiction is primarily fantasy. Many of the scenes are more extreme and rarely have actually been attempted. Which is not to say fiction should be discounted. It is a good source for ideas, themes, and dialogue in addition to being good entertainment.

There is also the option of seminars and classes. I have been seeing more and more training being offered by organizations and at conventions and get-togethers. These are good for general guidance and give you a chance to become familiar and more confident with the equipment in a relaxed atmosphere.

In conclusion: As many years as I have been romancing the Beast, I still don't, "Know It All" — and I never will. Nor should anyone suppose or claim that they, "Know It All," human drives and desires are too complex. For every answer resolved, I also found a new question to explore.

(J.T. Caterwaul is the nom de scene of a long-time member of the west coast SM community.)

The Houghtons

**From: Robert Dante,
Houghton Defense Fund,
Boudoir Noir Magazine:**

The Houghtons were in Family Court in Mid-September, where Steve Houghton's brother's petition to gain custody of the kids was nixed. The court also requested another psychiatrist's assessment of the kids. The criminal case finally goes to trial Nov. 5th. Yes, we will be there! The Family Court situation will continue at a date after that.

"The County Child Welfare Agency is incensed by what is happening and the county's own angry attorney was in Family Court to state point-blank they believe the kids should be allowed to go home to their parents. The county is 100% behind the Houghtons. The county also has been allowing the kids to spend weekends with their parents, slowly escalating the time the parents spend with them. They would love to let the kids go home completely, but because of the sensitive nature of the case and the pressure from the detective and the children's court-appointed law guardian, they are playing it "by the book."

REGARDING DISCLOSURE

Unfortunately, the laws in the State of New York allow the prosecution to take a full 180 days to comply. Disclosure *has* been made, which consisted of photocopies of frames from the video and photocopies of some still photographs, taken at the same time and showing the same consensual scene as the video.

"The nice thing about this case is that it is precisely the best

case to defend, because there are no hidden agendas, no skeletons in the closet — it is as it appears to be.

GOING PUBLIC

"This situation has made activists out of the Houghtons, and after the family and criminal matters have been resolved (hopefully, in their favour), they will take the matter into more mainstream arenas. They will probably continue to use the name Houghton for their more public appearances, but they will be more relaxed about letting specific members of the leather community know their real names — the main reason behind this continuing partial anonymity is to protect their privacy and the privacy and well-being of their children.

"But they will "be going public" — we will be able to use this case to demonstrate more widely the clear difference between consensual SM and abusive behaviour — and it will give a warning to other agencies and law enforcement fiefdoms that the leather/fetish community will no longer cooperate with repressive attitudes and stereotypes. It will be, in a word, a vaccination against this sort of thing happening again, because if it does, it will have already established a precedent for our coming together to resist such malicious treatment of a family just because the parents are into kinky sex with each other.

"We also hope this will establish a precedent at the legal level in that others who are as unjustly accused can point to it in their own defense.

"We'll see. In my mind, we've already won much as a community. Unfortunately, the price is continuing to be paid by the Houghtons themselves. They are hanging in there, but the stress continues to fray nerves. Notes and letters from community people are being forwarded and they help to remind them they are not alone".

(ROBERT DANTE, (800) 498-8750

e-mail to: boudoir@boudoir-noir.com)

Get-Linked

An open invitation to the Leather/SM Communities

What this is about: Get-Linked will be a physical chain made from individual links, each contributed by members of the Leather/SM community. The entire chain will be displayed at **International Mr. Leather '97**. It will then be turned over to the **Leather Archive and Museum** in Chicago.

How it works: You are asked to send us **one metal chain link** (of reasonable size), slightly open and suitable for attaching to another link. We will also accept attached groups of links from people who wish to be linked together. This should be accompanied by a card showing the name(s) we can publish in the **Get-Linked Directory**. We would also appreciate a complete name and address for each contributor for our archives. Send an SASE if you want to know your link number and the names of those who sent the adjoining links.

Send Link(s) to: Michael Horowitz
227 East 56th St. #400
New York, NY 10022

(Joe Gallagher is the current *International Mr. Leather*. Michael Horowitz is the treasurer of the *Leather Archive and Museum*.)

More information about the project is available online at: <http://nycnet.com/Gallagher>

Perils of Public Play and the Police

by Kate Flanagan

Master and i enjoy playing in public. In fact, we take most available opportunities to play outdoors. We take some precautions, but sometimes that is not enough.

Recently, Master and i decided to do a little scene on a train trestle. This was nothing like the Perils of Pauline. It was just a simple case of a Master walking his bound slave down the tracks for a little flogging and fucking off the beaten track. We were a solid mile from the main road.

The problem with public play is the unplanned participation by others — including local law enforcement officers.

Such was the case with the trestle scene. Just as Master and i were about to call our scene to a close a man in a truck drove by. I was carefully bound, collared, leashed and posed naked on the trestle.

Master and i finished our scene, got me dressed and drove off. Master drove toward home in His normal conservative fashion, pulling over to allow speedier drivers to pass by. Approximately 25 minutes later we had our first encounter with trouble.

Two vehicles stopped 10 yards behind us and the officers came out of their car with their guns drawn. They ordered us to put our hands on the windshield. Eventually they ordered Master from the car, instructed Him to lie on the ground, handcuffed Him and put Him in the back of their Jeep.

When they finally ordered me out of the car and allowed me to put my hands

down, they let me know that they had a report of a woman who was bound and gagged and being raped in the woods. The truck driver had an interesting concept of rape since Master was viewing me from approximately 20 ft away when he saw us.

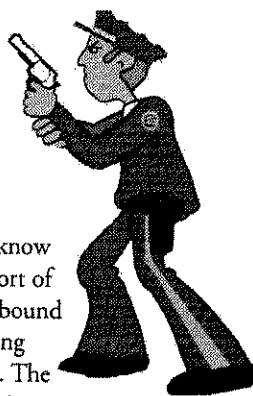
In my calmest possible voice, i informed the officer that nothing of the sort had happened, that, in fact, there was no crime. The officer asked how my knees got so dirty? i calmly informed him in my coyest tone that, "my boyfriend and i were just playing in the woods," batted my eyes and made him blush.

These answers were not sufficient for the police, though they elicited exactly the same answers from my Master. They insisted that they needed "proof" that we were boyfriend and girlfriend and that there was no history of domestic violence. We both provided them with the same num-

ber for a friend who happens to be an attorney, whom they called to verify our story. Only after this, and a lecture on the importance of keeping sex in the bedroom with the blinds tightly drawn were we released.

Were Master and i someplace in Montana with the rednecks and militia? No. We were in King County, Washington about 50 miles outside of Seattle!

What Master and i were doing was between the two of us. However, the man in the truck became a "non-consensual" player in our scene. It was clear to me at the time that the officers had no right to



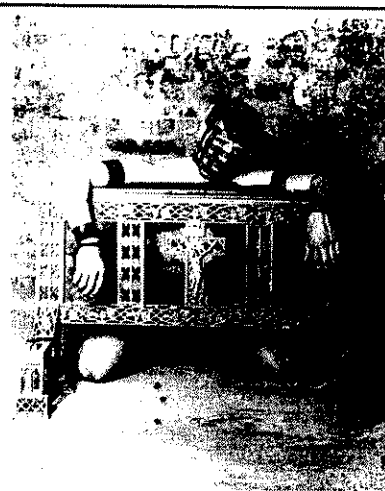
demand we give them a phone number to confirm the nature of our relationship. But, i also realized that there was no equity in provoking the officers. Had they compelled me to undress, Master might have been in a world of trouble. i was the proud bearer of many marks from the flogging/whipping i had received the night before. i had many bite marks on top of all this. The police had a hard enough time understanding that i wasn't being raped at 20 feet. Imagine explaining this.

When one plays in public, there is always the risk of getting caught. Frankly, that's part of the fun. Things cease being fun very rapidly when the police become involved.

Players cannot count on the police understanding that no crime has been committed. What we can do is take precautions and be proactive. For example, let someone know that you are playing in public and may need to call on them.

Never volunteer information to the

continued



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Playing in Public, continued

police. Be polite, direct and firm. Hostility will get you arrested, humility might see you driving home. You won't have time to concoct a story. Keep your answers simple — and don't lie. Telling the truth keeps your answers consistent. Just don't tell too much of it.

i have since learned some things about the police, domestic violence and the use of deadly force.

i recently spoke to a source connected to the Washington State Patrol. He informed me that the current basic training being given to the police with regard to domestic violence issues is to *not* trust what the victim has to say if the perpetrator is still present.

For example, a woman called 911 screaming and clearly in distress. However, after some time, she said that she did not need assistance from the police. The officer was not convinced, so he asked her to pick a number between one and five if she indeed did *not* wish them to come out. She was being threatened by the man in the room with her. She chose six. It was appropriate for the police to come out.

But in the case of Master and i, He was locked away in a car and could do me no immediate harm while they questioned me. Did the "don't trust the victim" policy apply?

With regard to stop and arrest procedures and the use of deadly

force, i spoke to two representatives from King County. The Revised Code of Washington (RCW) provides for the use of deadly force. RCW 9A.16 establishes a higher standard for the police when using a weapon than a for a private citizen. According to this statute, police shall exhaust every means of apprehension prior to using deadly force and also, shall not draw or point their weapons unless the officer believes their use may be necessary.

Clearly, with Master and i their use was not necessary. We presented no threat; we were not fleeing the scene of a crime. In fact we were stopped by the side of the road.

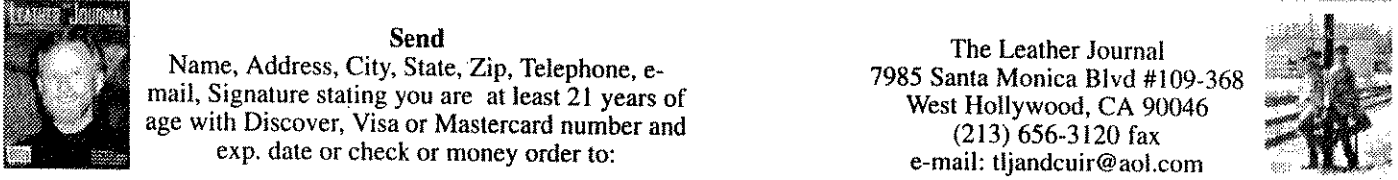
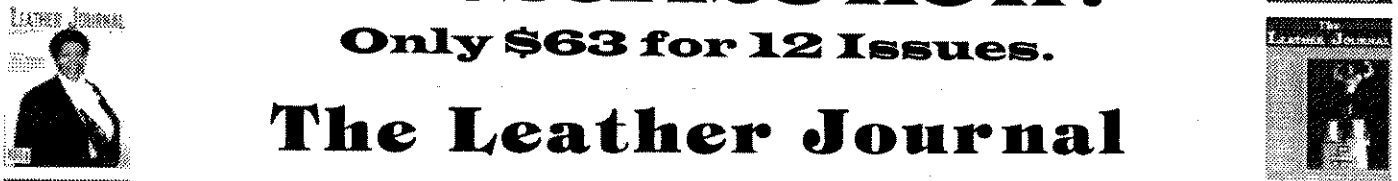
With regard to stop and arrest, i have been told that the officers are trained to follow state and constitutional law. However,

they may stop a car if they have reasonable suspicion that a crime has been committed. This includes, and i quote, a vehicle violating, "any motor vehicle code

requirement (even a dirty license plate or no lights on plate)." The police may detain people as long they deem it necessary to investigate the suspected offense. They may question passengers as well.

The key to all of this is, most of the time, the officer may use his discretion in questioning and detaining suspects/witnesses. It is at his discretion to decide when enough information is obtained. If they feel their safety is at risk, plan to stare down the barrel of their service revolver. Discretion is a funny thing. i, frankly, believe the police were overzealous in their pursuit of information from

... the officer may use his discretion in questioning and detaining suspects ...



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Master and i. We weren't attempting to flee. i wasn't visibly injured or frightened. The so called rapist was driving my car for which i immediately offered the registration, Master's license and my own. We were exceedingly cooperative, well mannered and well spoken with them. We showed no resistance or lack of cooperation.

It seems a little excessive and not remotely erotic to investigate all the local statutes on public nudity, abduction, domestic violence, and whatever in all the areas Master and i play before we go there, in order to to assess our risk. The police are a wild card. Know in advance what you intend to do when this one comes up. What i see as reasonable is to be dignified and respectful with them at all times.

Beyond this, i don't know how to avoid potential harassment by the police, other than giving up public play. i doubt we will.

(Kate Flanagan, a bureaucrat for the last 4 1/2 years in Washington state, enjoys being a public servant. She found a name for her interest in kink about 5 years ago after reading The Story of O. her interest had always been there — she just hadn't known what to call it. In 1995, Kate found her fondness for public play. She discovered to her delight how much she enjoyed being watched. Kate considers herself a switch, though under no circumstances does she switch with her Master, John. She enjoys her 24/7 relationship and has found her freedom in being owned.)

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This ad for Altoids mints was sent to us from the Baltimore City Paper, by **Glenda** and **Sarah** and from the San Francisco Weekly, by **Joann**. Coast to coast, Altoids knows that BDSM sells!

The company is also distributing post cards, several of which were sent to us by Lissette in Miami Beach which ask, "Do you have any 'curious' anecdotes about Altoids that you would like to share with us? We would love to hear from you. (Hey, we may even write back!)" Drop us a line at: Callard and Bowser-Suchard Inc. POB 185, Elmsford, NY 10523. Attn: 'Kitten' "

Our offer continues: If you see a billboard, or an ad in a newspaper or magazine, send it (or a photograph of it) to *The Guardian*. If we print it, you get the credit (if you want it) and the cash (bet you want that!). Send it to:

**The Utopian Network
POB 1146, NY NY 10156**

You Have The Right ...

Not many of us in the BDSM "community" are accustomed to thinking of ourselves as "criminals" — certainly not for the S/M portion of our lives. We know we're doing nothing *wrong*, for heaven sakes, and we're not *hurting anyone*, after all! Besides, we're just not the sort of people that the police bother. How could this Romantic, Outlaw Sexual Freedom, be a crime? Haven't we made it clear that we're Safe, Sane, Consensual, Sober, Clean Brave, Thrifty and Taxpaying citizens?

Uh, huh!

And when one of us *does* end up in the clutches of the Law, how often do we first: look for "reasons" that reaffirm our faith that The Policeman really IS our friend and that these other people must have done something that we would never do that got them into this unfortunate situation. Then we make a one-time donation to the Defense Fund, if this particular victim is fortunate enough, or well-connected enough to HAVE a defense fund. This makes us feel better for two reasons. First we have fulfilled our obligation to our suffering sibling and our Community, and secondly we have worked a piece of ceremonial magick that will protect us from the same fate.

And when the magick fails, most of us will quietly take the misdemeanor plea bargain, pay the fine and do the Community Service — hoping that our families and our Vanilla connections never find out about the trouble we've seen.

All of this makes us very easy victims, individually and collectively. So when predatory politicians hope to ride the Family Values gravy train, who do you think gets tied to the tracks? The most vulnerable.

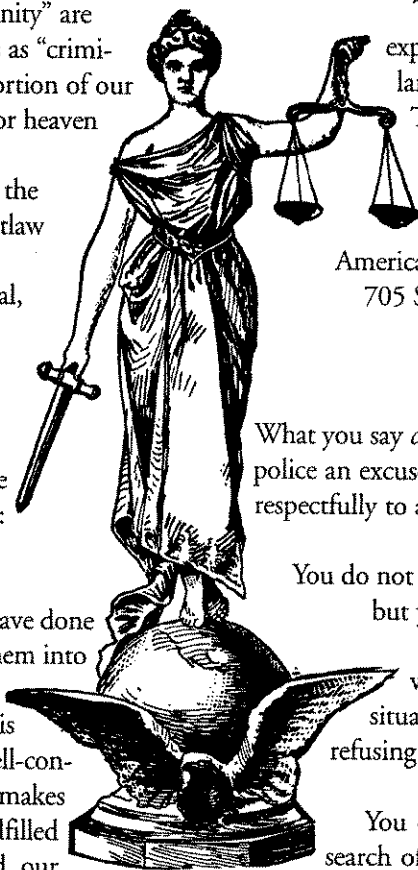
There's an amazing amount of unanimity among the legal and street-wise experts. It amounts to:

This Policeman Is NOT Your Friend.

Give Up — Do not resist

Clam Up— Admit nothing,
explain nothing

Lawyer Up— Get legal representation



The ACLU, one of the oldest and most experienced organizations defending unpopular and "political" arrestees, puts it concisely. The following is from their pamphlet:

Your Rights and the Police

is prepared by:

American Civil Liberties Union of Washington
705 Second Ave. #300, Seattle, WA 98104
(206) 624-2180

What you say to the police is important. What you say *can* be used against you, and it can give the police an excuse to arrest you, especially if you speak disrespectfully to a police officer.

You do not have to answer a police officer's questions, but you must show your driver's license, registration, and proof of insurance when stopped while driving a car. In other situations, you *cannot* be legally arrested for refusing to identify yourself to a police officer.

You do not have to give your consent to any search of yourself, your car, or your house; if you do consent to a search, it can affect your rights later in court. If the police say they have a warrant, ask to see it.

Do not interfere with or obstruct the police, even if they begin an illegal search — you can be arrested for it. File a complaint later if you feel your rights have been violated.

IF YOU ARE STOPPED BY THE POLICE

1. You may remain silent. You do *not* have to answer any questions, give your name, age and address, or show any ID unless you are operating a car or are in a place where liquor is served. However, it is advisable to provide only basic information, such as name, age, and address.

2. Ask if you are under arrest. If so, ask why. If you are not under arrest, you should be free to leave. *Never run from a police officer.*

3. Do not physically resist. The police may frisk you for weapons by patting the outside of your clothing, but nothing more. Make it clear that you do not agree to any search. However, if searched, do not resist. File a complaint later.

continued

Your Rights, continued from p.47

IF YOU ARE STOPPED IN YOUR CAR

1. Show your driver's license, registration, and proof of insurance upon request. Your car can be searched without a warrant so long as the police have probable cause. To protect yourself later, make it clear that you do not consent to a search.

2. If you are given a ticket, you should sign it; otherwise you can be arrested. You can always fight the case in court later.

3. If you are suspected of drunk driving and refuse a breath test, your license can be suspended.

IF YOU ARE ARRESTED

1. Whether or not you are guilty, go with the officer. You can make your defense in court.

2. You have the right to remain silent; use it. Tell the police nothing except your name, age and address. Don't give explanations or stories or try to excuse your conduct.

3. Ask to talk to a lawyer at once. You can do so by phone right after being taken into custody. If you are arrested for a jailable offense and you can't pay for a lawyer, you have the right to a free one. Don't talk to the police until your lawyer is present.

4. If the police say they have a warrant, ask to see it. Whether or not the police have a warrant to search you or your property, you can protect your rights by making it clear that you do not agree to any search. Do not physically resist.

5. The police must give you a receipt for everything taken from you, including your wallet and its contents, clothes, and any packages you were carrying when arrested.

6. You may be released with or without bail following booking. If not,

you have the right to go into court and see a judge the next court day after arrest. Demand this right. When you appear before the judge, ask for an attorney.

Don't make any decisions in your case until you have talked to a lawyer.

This is not complete advice. Be sure to consult a lawyer.

Other Sources

Although a great deal of their focus is on stop-and-search situations, The NY News Transfer Collective and others are blunter and offer more specific advice:

The legal system in the US is one arm of the octopus we call "The System." It was designed by and is used for the benefit of those who control the society ...

... police can and will do anything they want out on the street. And they won't hesitate to lie about it later on.

Some of their cute little tricks: "May we search you? No. Why, got something to hide?", or "Look, can I go? Not yet. Why, am I under arrest? Would you like to be?" Rather than keeping this sort of bullshit going, or trying to outwit them, it's just better not to play that kind of game.

They are very specific about how to handle investigating officers showing up at your door

If they knock on your door to "ask you a few questions," then either talk through the closed door or quickly step outside and lock your door behind you. This serves two purposes: One, it does not give them an opportunity to look inside ... if they see something, that's probable cause. Two, if they want to conduct an illegal search, then they'll have to break down your door to do so. Then you can use the broken pieces as evidence against them, whereas if there are no broken pieces, then they will claim that you let them in voluntarily.

If they drag on their "question" thing

too long, keep asking, "Am I free to go?" until they give you a definite answer. If they have a warrant, then tell them they can't start their search until your lawyer arrives to witness it, and then get that lawyer over real quick! During the search, have everyone sit together and instruct them to say absolutely nothing.

If the cops ask you to do something, then you may politely tell them, "Unless you are ordering me to do that at this time, I refuse. Are you ordering me to do that?" If they say yes, then you can ask, "What law says that you can order me to do that?" If they can't answer, then don't do it. If they try to force you at that point, do not resist, and state, "I'm not doing this voluntarily, but under protest and duress." Remember your witnesses.

With all this talk about "a lawyer" it's probably worthwhile to remember that the lawyer who drew up your will and handles your business affairs is probably NOT the lawyer you want to call from jail at 3a.m.. You want one who represents criminals ... one who knows Bail Bondsman — and you want her or him to know YOU before there's trouble. It may be that the lawyer who can get you out of jail will not be the best one to defend you in Court. That's something else on which everyone involved should agree beforehand.

You, individually, are highly unlikely to face a criminal charge as the result of consensual BDSM activity. As part of a disapproved group, you are at risk.

Applicable laws and their enforcement vary from town to town as well as from State to State. Each of us must take responsibility for informing ourselves, deciding what risks we will and will not run, and preparing to cope with the consequences.

Not everyone will have the good fortune to be taken into custody in the presence of their Defense Fund's Organizer.

THE CLASSIFIEDS - Our Readers' Market

The *Sandmutopian Guardian* invites our readers to "take advantage of us," and place an ad here. If you have any goods or services that you want other *Guardian* readers to know about, such as some excess S/M gear that you may have "outgrown" or craftwork that you make yourself whether scene- or nonscene-related.

We will publish ads from readers who are **scene professionals** and who run **phone sex services**, within the same line limits as other advertisers. However, we will **not** knowingly accept advertising for goods or services that are illegal.

Personal Ads are also appropriate to the Classifieds. But please supply your own post office box or mail drop. We do not have the facilities or the staff to do mail forwarding at this time. We will not publish phone numbers in personal ads, but will for commercial or professional ads.

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(Note: Phone # was incomplete in #22)

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(Note: POB number was incorrect in #22)

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Please sign your ad with your real name, address and phone which will remain confidential with us.

The Male Dom - a "Rant"

by Sir Michael

I am a Male Dominant, heterosexual, in a long-term marriage to a Female Submissive, with two children. In our spare time, we play at Master/slave roles, ponygirl and trainer, and similar scenarios.

Over the years, we have been active in the local community of leather folk, at parties and on the local BBS. During this time, there was an enormous amount of hostility directed our way. Completely false rumors were circulated: that our marriage is on the rocks, that we use cocaine, or that we judge people by how much they weigh.

Is something wrong with us? For years, that question consumed me. Noone could offer any real insight. We were publicly labeled as non-consensual, for example, but noone could offer a single concrete example to justify it. All they could say was, "You just don't get it."

Non-consensual was bad enough, but they weren't finished. This quote is from a recent public post about me on the local BBS: "Sir M, in my nonprofessional opinion, has a mental health problem." Not only was I nonconsensual, I was also not sane!

For years, I assumed it had to be me. Sometimes, it seemed that the entire local scene wanted me to disappear. To be sure, I have always had friends and supporters within the "Pansexual Community," but they seemed to be the exception to the rule.

If only I could see what I was doing wrong, I knew I could change. I certainly never intended to be a bad guy, notwithstanding that all of my hats are black. But without any examples of my bad behavior to learn from, I couldn't understand what I was doing wrong.

Then, a ray of hope appeared, thanks to *The Guardian*. Another Male Dominant/Female Submissive couple wrote an article. ("Fulltime on Overtime," Issue #21) After describing a lifestyle nearly identical to ours, Steve and Carolyn said, "One of the most surprising things to us was how unsupportive, and even hostile, many members of our local SM community were to our lifestyle relationship."

This was the my first clue that I was not alone in this experience. Was it possible that my experience was merely a part of a larger, more pervasive dynamic?

Once I began to openly suggest the idea,

I rapidly found support. An active member of The Other Side (formerly NLA:BC), a large pansexual group in Vancouver, Canada, told me that she felt many of the straight couples would love to play Master/slave in public, but were afraid to do so because of the hostility of the rest of the community towards that particular form of kink.

The hostility is not limited to "real-life" encounters. One person wrote to say: "Look at the newsgroups [on the Internet]. Alt.sex.bondage is horrible. Any time a maledom tries to express his opinion, or a femsub begins to discuss her life, there is a rapid and vocal attack on the person, their character and everything else. It makes me sick and disheartened to see it. I never contributed to this for that very reason. I would rather have discussions with people who can accept me and my slave's desires."

But what about those labels? Am I non-consensual and not sane? I want to change my behavior, if that's true.

A cogent explanation was offered by a lecturer in Seattle and published on the Internet. She noted that the slogan, "Safe, Sane and Consensual" began as a device to protect and unify us, but many have transformed it into a weapon. As she put it, "What's worse is, the growth of that slogan into the labeling device it's become. Whenever someone is found to be unpopular or threatening, all it takes to get them out of the scene is to start a whispering campaign about how *unsafe*, *insane*, and *non-consensual* they are. They have good old SSC to rely on, and no one argues with that."

I finally do get it. Those labels weren't real. They were merely used against me as they have been used against so many other innocents. It isn't just me, and it isn't just my city. Maledoms and femsubs seem to take the heat wherever we go. But why should that be? One person, the founder of the Maledom e-mail server, offered a reasonable suggestion:

"My experience with the general pansexual BDSM community is that maledoms are suspect because of past behaviours. Those who have come before us have been half-wits using the title 'dominant male' as a lure for sex. We have quite deservedly been

ostracized but to the point that we are now often discriminated against.

"The reason this has happened is simple. Male dominants have never had a formal support structure which has meant any idiot who likes to hurt women can call himself a Dominant. Sub females and the general BDSM community have no organizations to turn to for recommendations or for character references. In other words, we lack the one thing that has made the general BDSM organizations so damned valuable. "It is only because of the formation of organizations like *Maledom* and *Rose 'n' Thorn* that we now have the glimmerings of some kind of validation process."

But why did it take so long for me to recognize this problem? Part of the answer lies in the suffocating level of denial that exists within the leather communities. We complain about the hostility we've received from society at large, so naturally, we don't dare discuss how we may be guilty of similar hostility toward our own. Just as alcoholics can disguise their problems for many years with the help of a co-dependent spouse, a dysfunctional community relies on the silence of all the co-dependent members in order to continue the hypocrisy.

We crave the freedom to do exactly what we want in the bedroom, yet we deny our fellow leatherfolk the freedom to openly question or criticize the way we interact. Those with the courage to speak up are conveniently labeled as not being safe, sane or consensual, and the problem is neatly solved.

Two points are clear: First, there is a crying need to organize ourselves into an independent community, the Maledom Community. This new community will coexist with, but be distinct from, the Pansexual community. Instead of the oppression, hostility and bigotry we often found within the Pansexual Community, our own community will offer us validation, support and a common voice for our own unique concerns. We deserve those things.

The other point is that we are all implicated in fixing the mess. As we used to say in the '60's, "If you aren't part of the solution, then you are part of the problem." Each one of us needs to object vigorously when a slogan is turned into a weapon of discrimination. Not only must we refuse to participate, but we must speak out in protest against the hostility that has become a groundswell of discrimination and bigotry. Only by ending our individual co-dependence will we have any chance of ending the dysfunction of the entire group.

Writer's Guidelines -- for **THE SANDUTOPIAN GUARDIAN**

a Journal of BDSM Realities

The *Guardian* is first and foremost a practical guide to safe and enjoyable exotic eroticis. Think of it as a combination of the *Popular Mechanics*™ and *Consumer's Digest*™ of kinky sex. Our ambition is to become the independent "Journal of Record" of BDSM. Our readership includes people of all sexual orientations, gender identities and power polarities. While readers' experience levels range from "just thinking about it," to "lifestyle devotee," we want to be especially mindful of, and useful to, the *less* experienced reader.

The Guardian is not following anyone's Party Line nor is it aligned with any particular demographic sub-grouping. We will NOT REFUSE a piece because of the "political" point of view it reflects or (to the limit of Statutory Libel) because "someone" will "be offended."

We take the broadest possible view of what constitutes appropriate material

- *EQUIPMENT *LEGAL and SOCIAL ISSUES
- *RELATIONSHIPS *ROLES *SCENARIOS,
- *TECHNIQUES *CRAFTS and SKILLS
- *HEALTH and SAFETY CONCERNS*

Almost anything touching on BDSM, Fetish, Power Exchange, might be a successful article. We also buy "filler" pieces: humorous anecdotes, tips and hints, cartoons, etc..

Work can be submitted typewritten, or as an ASCII file in PC or MAC format.

Payment: We pay — not lavishly, but respectably. Please contact us for particulars, including special situations, including illustrations, and reprints. Contributors get a copy of the magazine in which their article appears.

We buy one-time serial rights with a one-time reprint provision. Payment is on acceptance, and we will respond to all submissions within 60 days. SASE required for return.

Style and Content

Factual material, organized sequentially is the first concern, "style" is a bonus. Remember the "5 W's" of Journalism:

Who, What, Where, When, and how — the "How to Write a Good Term Paper" handbooks? That's the idea.

Citations are Good. If you reference a product or publication, there should be an address and/or phone number, too. Appended Resource Lists are always welcome.

It is probably better to put too many words on paper, than to skip over "the obvious." Clarifying illustration, even crude hand drawings, is always useful.

About "PC Language": Writers needn't feel that they have to obscure their own orientations, alignments or biases — and gender specific pronouns *are* used when a specific person's gender is known, or gender is relevant. Otherwise, we like a style which de-emphasizes gender, polarity, and orientation. We have no problem with the "he/she, her/him" style used in Government documents, the "false plural" form or even the made up pronouns like "(s)he" and "co." Please be mindful that 1/2 of Humanity is *not* Male and at least 10% of it is *not* heterosexual. Try for inclusiveness.

About "Safety" : We assume that our readers are adults and that we, and they, reached maturity by not being "stupid or reckless." *The Guardian* focuses on the pleasure and sensual nature of BDSM and less on the dangers, perils and negatives of BDSM play. If there are some safety or health issues not readily apparent, they need to be included. But we will not belabor the obvious.

DEADLINES:

The next issue of *The Guardian* is #24, and will be ready for the printer the first week in January. If your piece misses the deadline, we will still be buying and paying as we go. In effect, we've got to worry about deadlines ... you can just work to your own schedule.

ARTWORK AND PHOTOGRAPHY

Artists and illustrators are invited to send samples of their work by way of self-introduction. Almost all illustration will be commissioned for particular articles. Possible cover art, photo-essays and folios will be considered on their own merits. We want to project enjoyment, respect, safe-and-sane practice, and consensuality — or at least *not* communicate the reverse.

We are *not* in the market for "eye candy," rigid bondage/genitorture studies or depictions of atrocities. Work can be submitted in MAC or WINDOWS disk formats. If photographs are accepted, we prefer to have the negative for proper reproduction — and, of course, Model Releases in keeping with the new law.